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## Παδερὼσκι's

### Recital.

Of course there was a crush. When I got to St. James's Hall a few minutes before three it was crammed to the door with men, women, and clergy, all of whom had come either to hear Paderewski play, or to be able to say they had heard him. It would be no compliment to the great pianist to say that everyone there was capable of appreciating him. The true sign of the power of his personality is that he works his admirers into such frenzied admiration, that they drag with them their uncles, cousins, and aged grandparents, who don't in the least desire to hear Paderewski, or anyone else, smash an Erard for a couple of hours at St. James's Hall. I had heard that the Polish pianist had obeyed the injunction conveyed by the refrain of a popular song, and looked forward with interest to finding out whether or not his strength, like Samson's, resided in his hair. But his hair, though shorter, is by no means short, and I was balked. Yet I hadn't a spark of resentment left after he had played the Handel Suite in D minor, which was one of the best things of the afternoon. He did not, on the one hand, give a purely modern reading, nor, on the other, merely hammer out the notes in strict time, which is generally understood to be the true mode of playing classical music. He made the necessary compromise, and whilst expressing Handel's feeling in terms understood by us, managed also to retain something of the old-world flavour.

Had Handel's engagements permitted him to attend the recital on December 6, he would not only have created very general consternation, but also have been delighted with Paderewski's interpretation of his music, and admitted that we have learnt a thing or two since 1759. Handel, however, did not turn up, and Paderewski proceeded to his next piece, a disarrangement for piano by Liszt of Bach's Organ Prelude and fugue in A minor. Liszt was a smart fellow, and a jolly good fellow to boot; but let us hope that he is at present engaged in better work than maltreating old Bach. Of course Paderewski made short work of such child's play, and went on to the Weber sonata, and played it very finely. But it would be a mistake to think that he is so far beyond his fellows in rendering all kinds of music. I have heard Schoenberger, for instance, play this sonata much more artistically. It is, in fact, not adapted to "show off" Paderewski's special qualities—artistic and technical. The Polish player was at his best in the Chopin selection. His playing was a series of veritable achievements in technical execution. The waltz interested me most. What a pity it is we cannot dance to such music nowadays! Surely

dancing is a lost, or at any rate, a degraded art, when good music throws out the dancers! Expressive dancing should incessantly vary in time and intensity, as expressive music does; and if we had expressive dancing expressive music (i.e., Chopin's) would be a fitting accompaniment. But I am forgetting Paderewski, who after playing Chopin beautifully, played (beautifully also) a nocturne of his own. The nocturne, however, is anything but beautiful. It is mostly commonplace, and is chiefly of importance because it shows that a great performer is not necessarily or always a great creator. After the Liszt rhapsody—the last item on the programme—there was a continued storm of applause. Paderewski finally yielded, and played as an encore piece another Liszt rhapsody. But when he sat down at the piano a third time I fled, for Liszt's music is my pet abomination. I heard afterwards that he gave a Chopin nocturne. How long the game went on I cannot tell. I can testify, however, that the time did not exceed one week.

## Miss Janotha ἀπὸ Lord Tennyson.

THE modern interviewer is, I regret to say, a more imaginative than truthful animal. A contemporary recently made Miss Janotha say that she had visited Lord Tennyson for eleven years, and that Lord Tennyson could sing baritone, tenor, etc. In perfect good faith I quoted from this (so-called) interview in the November issue; but Miss Janotha writes asking me to contradict the statements therein made. I therefore now have great pleasure in giving the celebrated pianist's own story of her introduction to the Tennysons.

"It was only four years ago that I was introduced at Aldworth to Lord and Lady Tennyson, when Mary Anderson was there. . . . After dinner Lord Tennyson retired to 'smoke his pipe.' . . . Later on the privileged ones had the never-to-be-forgotten revelation of that sovereign poet's graciousness in being allowed to listen to the great works read to those few; and it was the exquisite, incomparable reading of Lord Tennyson that I could only compare to an ideal singing."

In another letter Miss Janotha says: "You will be interested to hear that the first edition of Lady Tennyson's songs has been sold out. A new and corrected edition is ordered, and later on a second book of eight songs, already prepared for publication, will be printed." I may add that a composition by Miss Janotha will appear in our February issue, and that the lady flatters us by writing, "I find the Christmas number charmingly interesting."

## Au Courant.

M. PADEREWSKI, who finished his brief tour at Brighton on December 10, has been travelling about England in a special saloon car, supplied with a diminutive Erard piano. The great pianist, like Rubinstein, finds it necessary to practise many hours a day, and thus he usefully employs the time on the railway. His recital at St. James's Hall, I learn, resulted in a receipt of just under £1,000. Except as to two or three odd stalls, every seat in St. James's Hall was disposed of, and saving as to twenty places reserved for the Press, every ticket had been bought and paid for. The net profit must therefore have been nearly £900.

M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ and his brother Edouard will arrive in Paris towards the end of January, and they have, I learn, now definitely promised M. Bertrand, the director, to take part in certain special representations at the Paris Grand Opera in January and February. This will be the first appearance in public of the eminent operatic tenor since the serious illness which cut short his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera last summer. Afterwards it is understood he will sing at Monte Carlo, returning to England in May for the Covent Garden season.

SOME singers have bouquets, presents, and cheques showered upon them; others have the offer of the workhouse, with the alternative of a month in gaol if they refuse to accept it. Old Charles Martin belongs to the latter class, notwithstanding that his shrill, weak, threadbare voice could still send "Tom Bowling" up aloft, warble "Wapping Old Stairs," rouse the nautical enthusiasm of degenerate Britons by the "Death of Nelson," and for an extra penny tackle the "Old Arm Chair." While Martin recently was collecting coppers at the door of a public-house, after he had sent "Tom Bowling" as high as he could go, a constable took him into custody, and the magistrate at the Westminster Police Court told the singer that his conduct could not be tolerated. Would he go to the workhouse? Yes, the poor old man would go there. If he was not allowed to take the very few coppers offered him, he would be off to St. James's at once. Very well, in that case he would be discharged, but if he came back for begging he would get a month. It is thus that native talent is rewarded. If the unfortunate singer were wise in his generation he would change his name to Carlo Martino, hire a barrel-organ or a performing monkey, and he might then annoy quiet-loving citizens and importune passengers for coppers as much as he pleased.

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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has been living at a pretty villa in the vicinity of Monte Carlo, not very far from the villa which he rented last season during his severe illness. Sir Arthur is much thinner than formerly, but is in excellent spirits. A gossip describes him as "doing very well" at the gaming-tables. A report which has been current that Sir Arthur Sullivan intends to set a libretto by Mr. Barrie for the Savoy is, I learn, inexact. I am, however, informed that he already has a libretto by Mr. Gilbert, but his visit to the Riviera has been for health and recreation rather than for work.

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THE Curator of the Royal Academy of Music has recently been searching its records, and he has unearthed a resolution of the committee, by which the curious fact is disclosed that Dr. Crotch, the first Principal of the Institution, was obliged to relinquish his position for kissing a pupil. The resolution, dated December 8, 1831, runs:

"The Committee, having received a report of the manner in which the harmony lessons in the female department were conducted by Dr. Crotch, which was extremely unsatisfactory, they resolved that his future attendance on the female students should henceforth be dispensed with."

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THAT the composer of "Palestine," who also was an Oxford Professor, and a man of the mature age of 56, was guilty of no real impropriety may be taken for granted. The facts seem to have been that one of the prettiest of the students did her harmony exercise so remarkably well that old Crotch kissed her in the presence of the whole class. Perhaps a complaint was made by some jealous fellow-pupil, but at any rate the resolution was passed. Dr. Crotch resigned in favour of Cipriani Potter, and since that time this particular method of rewarding the lady students has fallen into desuetude at the Royal Academy of Music.

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THE search among the records also unearthed the following interesting extract from the minutes:

"September 26, 1833: Miss Charlotte Dolby, aged 13, examined by Signor Crivelli for voice, who recommends her for the present not to make it a principal study."

Consequently the future Madame Sainton resumed her pianoforte lessons, which, as a child, she had commenced under Mrs. Montague. Crivelli was, however, hardly to be blamed for his judgment, for it is well known that Miss Dolby's voice developed slowly. In after life Madame Sainton was wont to declare that she gained far less knowledge of her art at school than in singing in the semi-chorus at the Ancient Concerts, where she heard Malibran, Rubini, Braham, Grisi, Caradori, Tamburini, and other great artists.

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IN regard to "The Golden Web," Mr. Corder has in the *Overture* given a half humorous, half pathetic history of the work. The libretto was originally written for Carl Rosa by Mr. Corder himself six years ago, and was set to charming music by Goring Thomas, "with the small difficulty that none of his ideas would consent to fit the lyrics, so that all these, without exception, had to be rewritten." The success of the two comic pirates in "Paul Jones" gave

Rosa the idea that the dialogue should be made more farcical, a task which a well-known comedian consented to undertake. The opera was then "transferred from one manager to another, and one theatre to another. It has been in rehearsal, it has been in print, music, and words, and it has been in Chancery," owing to the similarity of its plot to Mr. Walter Besant's "Chaplain of the Fleet." The libretto has since been almost entirely re-written by Mr. B. C. Stephenson, and as Thomas died before he had completed his alterations of the music, that duty has been assigned to Mr. Waddington, the Mendelssohn scholar. If, therefore, "The Golden Web" be not a perfect opera, it will certainly not be for want of pains taken in trying to make it so.

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THE veteran Dr. William Pole, has, it is said, just written a sort of postprandial fugue, by way of grace after meat. Adopting an idea of Schumann, whose variations on the theme formed by the letters "Abegg" (the surname of Frl. Abegg of Mannheim) are well known, Dr. Pole's two themes stand respectively for "Beef" and "Cabbage," while the manner in which they are used is, as may be imagined, extremely ingenious, and not a little amusing.

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IN reference to the operation upon M. Jean de Reszke, Mr. Lennox Browne writes that it was only the uvula he reduced, that being a still more simple procedure than a cutting of the tonsils. I learn, by the way, that there is reason to believe M. de Reszke will, after all, visit the United States next year, Mr. Abbey having it in contemplation to give some special performances in the Chicago Auditorium shortly before the close of the Exhibition.

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THE orchestra at the Empire Theatre of Varieties, Portsmouth, seem to have had a lively time the other night. One of the alligators tamed by Mdme. Paula got loose, and took a header into the midst of the musicians. The liveliest consternation ensued, and the instrumentalists fled in all directions, while the performer, aided by some of the audience, recaptured the reptile, which was described as "snapping viciously." Possibly the poor beast had no intention of harming anybody, but had simply wished to seize an opportunity of practising its scales, or, perhaps, of enlisting the sympathy of an opicleide, in which it hoped to find a kindred spirit.

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MR. FRANK L. MOIR, song-writer and professor of music, faced his creditors recently. He confesses to having made for some years an income of £500. He attributed his failure entirely to his having become liable upon accommodation bills on behalf of Mr. William Boosey. Eventually they were not met by Mr. Boosey, and he was now under accommodation liabilities to the amount of about £500. He had sold his royalties in his various songs for £350. He considered that that was much less than their value, seeing that they had been producing £150 a year, but he was compelled to accept that price. The examination was concluded upon accounts showing: unsecured debts, £652; and assets, £232 16s.

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THE old and practically obsolete degree of Master of Music is, I learn, about to be revived at the University of Cambridge, and with it a much-needed reform is to be instituted.

Hitherto the degree of Mus. Doc., save to those granted *honoris causa*, has been obtainable only by the holders of the Mus. Bac. degree, who have had to pass a stringent examination, and, moreover, to write as an "exercise" a sacred or secular cantata for orchestra, soloists, and chorus, containing real eight-part harmony and good eight-part fugue counterpoint.

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As original music, the "exercise" is very often worthless, the test in double-choral and double-fugue writing being merely a technical one. The "exercise" has rarely been heard again after its performance (now no longer obligatory) within the University walls, and, indeed, the majority of our most eminent musicians hold the test in such light esteem in any but a technical sense, that they either possess the degree *honoris causa*, or have not taken it at all.

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THE Mus. Doc. degree is now, however, to be a special affair—originality in composition will be an important feature in the examination, or whatever other test is imposed, and, moreover, a tedious procedure will be dispensed with, it being proposed that the candidate may enter for Mus. Doc. after matriculation only. The degree of Master of Music, on the other hand, will be analogous to that of the old Mus. Doc., and the candidate must proceed to it, as usual, through the Mus. Bac. degree, to secure which, by the way, a three years' residence will be necessary. Women will be able to enter at the examinations for Bachelor and Master of Music, and to them certificates instead of degrees will be granted. Such are the outlines of the recommendations just made by the Special Board, and we learn there is every reason to believe they will be adopted.

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MR. W. I. ARGENT, Lecturer in Music to the Corporation of Liverpool, on December 4, read before the members of the National Sunday League a paper upon "Mozart, and the Story of the 'Requiem.'" The lecturer briefly traced Mozart's career, and then gave an interesting account, from the writings of Nohl, Jahn, and others, and from his own original researches, of the history of the "Requiem," and an account of those portions which should be attributed to Süßmayer. The musical illustrations were contributed by Mr. Argent himself and a quartet of vocalists.

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A BASKET containing a wild profusion of orchids purchased by a Russian count to be "sent up" to Madame Melba at the opera, was exhibited in Regent Street the other day, and caused such a block in the footpath that a police-constable was ordered down there to keep the road open. Flowers of the choicer blooms have never been so expensive as they are to-day, and the cost of a stage bouquet varies from five guineas up to ten and even twenty guineas. Sometimes Madame Melba has received as many as half a dozen of these valuable offerings in a single night.

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BY the recent humorist competition at Mr. J. A. Cross's concert I am enabled to arrive at the seating capacity of the Association Hall, Manchester. Each person who entered the hall was supplied with a voting-paper, on which he or she had to record two votes for the two singers they deemed most deserving of the first and second prizes. The total number of votes was 1,980. Divided by two, this gives 990 persons as being present. Including the platform, the Association Hall will, therefore, seat about 1,100 persons. If Mr. T. A. Barrett ever



deems it prudent to adopt a similar device, I shall be able to arrive at the much-vexed question as to how many people can be comfortably accommodated in St. James's Hall.

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I HAVE read somewhere lately that we had better give up all schoolboy talk about subjects, episodes, developments, etc., and consider the "true inwardness" of music. To the same effect comes a voice across the Atlantic—a voice which might utter less slang and more sense—exclaiming, "The sonata-form is but a wormy chestnut. The kernel is what makes music sweet and nutritious." Such ignorant impatience of rule, which idleness is too idle to master, seems common enough nowadays; but when students of architecture find that they can derive profit from plans which are simply colour and shading without outline, then only it may be said to the young votaries of music: "Ladies and gentlemen, the form class is broken up, as a useless relic of the effete past."

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It is a well-known fact in natural history that a parrot is the only bird which can sing after partaking of wines, spirits, or beer; for it is now universally agreed by all scientific men who have investigated the subject that the expression, "Intoxicated as a boiled owl," is a gross libel upon a highly-respectable teetotal bird, which even in its unboiled state drinks nothing stronger than rain-water. Samuel Edwards, sixty-one, who appeared at the Mansion House Police Court, is, in his own words, "a bird," but lacks the temperance principles of the owl. Like the parrot, he can sing comic songs, and managed, after the manner of that unmusical songster, to make himself highly objectionable. Walking down Fleet Street, in the busiest part of the day, he occupied the whole of one of the side-paths, flapping his arms like wings, and singing what he asserted was a comic song, of which the refrain was "I'm a bird, I'm a bird!" His ornithological vagaries caused much annoyance to hundreds of pedestrians and his own appearance before the Lord Mayor, to whom he said: "You see, sir, I am very fond of music, and when I've got a drop of drink I sing like a bird." His lordship said he would not put him temporarily in a cage this time, but strongly advised him to follow one or other of the proverbial three courses—either to clip his wings, go to Epping Forest, or follow the excellent example of the teetotal owl.

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PRINCESS CHRISTIAN and her daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein assisted, December 10, at a concert given at the St. Paul's Mission House, Walworth, under the direction of the vicar, the Rev. C. H. Simpkinson. Among the performers were the ladies forming the Guitar Band, who—arrayed in Zingari colours—conducted by Senor Zarrega and led by Miss Sullivan, discoursed daintiest melody in charming fashion. Mr. Streatfield and Dr. Aikin sang ballads in English, and Señorita Margarita de Cardenas brought down the house in Spanish. Princess Christian first played on the piano in sympathetic style Hertzogenberg's "Wreath" and Schumann's "Nussbaum." Needless to say, the applause was immense, but when presently her Royal Highness and her daughter played as a duet Rubinstein's "Wedding March," and D'Ouville's "Hunting Chorus," the cheers were deafening, and in this connection a graceful incident occurred. Princess Christian knew that she would give pleasure by 'taking the call,' as the professional term has it; so, ascending the steps of the platform, she beckoned for Princess

Victoria to stand beside her, and then the kind-hearted ladies stood side by side bowing their acknowledgments to the audience. It was a touch of mutual appreciation which will not readily be forgotten either at Windsor Great Park or at Walworth.

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OF the national music to which metropolitan concert programmes are on a few festival days in each year devoted, the melodies of Scotland and Ireland are by far the most popular. The preference for the strains associated with "Caledonia, stern and wild," is, indeed, so marked that it is not difficult to bring crowded audiences to two celebrations coming rather near together—namely, those of St. Andrew's Day and Burns' birthday. On November 30, at St. James's Hall, Mr. Ambrose Austin emerged from retirement to give his annual Scotch concert, and at the Royal Albert Hall Mr. William Carter signalled the occasion in a similar manner. The former engaged the Glasgow Select Choir, the latter the band and pipers of the Scots Guards for special displays, whilst they were rivals in the matter of attractive soloists. At the Crystal Palace Mr. Manns conducted selections from the works of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. Hamish MacCunn, and other northern composers, besides Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony."

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ADVENT musical services for several years have shown a tendency to greatly widen in range. It was long the custom to restrict nearly every parish in which the zealous exertions of the organist are supported by the clergy to "Messiah" or "The Last Judgment." The superlative merits of these works, together with their suitability, are not to be called into question; but at the same time it is expedient to offer occasional variety, as by such means continuous interest is felt in the musical evenings by all engaged, whilst the humbler section of the congregation become acquainted with compositions even the names of which they may never perhaps have previously heard. At the Advent service in St. Marylebone Church, on December 1, Canon Barker chose portions of Mozart's "Requiem" and Schumann's Advent Hymn. Last year there were selections from "Mors et Vita," "The Last Judgment" was, as usual, given in St. Paul's Cathedral on December 6.

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THE balance-sheet of the recent Leeds Festival, which was issued to the guarantors early in December, shows that the net profit, as I stated last month, was £2,702 4s. 2d.; the cost of the new gallery in the festival hall, amounting to about £1,200, being partly taken out of the reserve fund, which now amounts to £2,572. The expenses were £8,224, the largest items being the band, £2,341, chorus, £2,232, and conductor and principal singers, £1,655. As will thus be seen, the idea that the "star" vocalists swallow up the bulk of the receipts at a musical festival is quite fallacious.

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IT will likewise be noticed that, contrary to the plan adopted in the London choirs, where at any rate the metropolitan contingent give their services gratuitously, the majority of the Leeds choristers are paid. The expense thus incurred was little more than one-fourth of the total, but the Leeds Committee thereby had the pick of the voices of the West Riding, and many of the singers would otherwise have been unable to devote the time requisite for the rehearsals and the festival performances. At the recent festival £6,069 worth of serial tickets were sold before

the celebration commenced, but otherwise the most successful works were (in order of quotation), "Elijah," "De Profundis," Bach's Mass in B minor, and Mozart's "Requiem." Lowest on the list was Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose." The total receipts were £10,946, out of which £2,000 was given to the General Infirmary and three other Leeds medical charities.

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THE libretto of the new opera which Mr. Hamish MacCunn has agreed to compose specially for the Carl Rosa Company is now in a forward state of preparation. The present title of the opera is "Effe Deans," the plot being, of course, based upon Scott's "Heart of Midlothian." The opera will, however, not of course be ready for production until the season of 1893-4.

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MUCH satisfaction is expressed in Western musical circles at the success of Miss Clara Butt, the young vocalist who followed up her finished rendering of the contralto solos in "The Golden Legend," at the Albert Hall on December 10, by playing Orfeo in Gluck's opera with so much grace and feeling at the Lyceum Theatre. The *Times* and *Mirror* of Bristol reminds me that this student of the Royal College of Music is a native of that city, and that her former tutor was Mr. T. W. Rootham, a well-known teacher in the district. Miss Clara Butt is not the only representative of Bristol receiving instruction at South Kensington. For instance, there is Miss Elizabeth Carrington, daughter of a local violinist of high repute, who both as vocalist and pianist bids fair to attain distinction. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that Bristol should be particularly interested in the work of the Royal College.

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THE Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society, being no longer permitted to give their concerts at the Royal Academy of Music, owing to the objections of the County Council licensing authority, have secured other places for their series of performances. This means a considerable increase in the expenses. I am glad to learn that the existence of the society has had an excellent effect in promoting the study of wind instruments, both by young professionals and amateurs, and inasmuch as nothing can be more important if orchestral performances are to increase amongst us, the continued operations of the society are a matter of concern. The first concert of the new season took place in Princes' Hall on December 7, when, amongst other things, Mozart's Serenade in C minor and Raff's "Sinfonietta" was given.

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SIR JOSEPH BARNBY gave excellent reasons for the title of his address at the London Institution—"A Plea for Greater Catholicity of Taste in Music." Sir Joseph objects equally to the man who says, "You don't call the latest music-hall ditty a musical composition!" as to those who would deny that a Wagner opera was music at all, and suggested the motto, "Everything that is good from Bach to Offenbach." He told a story of a Bedfordshire parson, his wife, and daughter, who were delighted beyond measure with Patti at the opera in Paris, but when asked, "What did she sing in?" not one of them knew. So long as narrowness prevails, and the habit is persisted in of criticising what we know nothing about, this country will, Sir Joseph says, continue to compare unfavourably with foreign nations.



## Musical Life in London.

**S**ATURDAY'S Popular Concert, December 3, opened with an excellent performance of Brahms' Second Sextet in G, Op. 36. Miss Adelina de Lara played Schubert's Impromptus, Nos. 2 and 4, Op. 142, and joined Signor Piatti in three numbers of Schumann's "Stücke im Volkston," Op. 102, for piano and violoncello. Brahms' "Liebeslieder Waltzes" were repeated. The appearance of M. Paderewski at the Monday concert, December 5, drew a large audience. His reading of Chopin's Sonata in B minor, Op. 58, was original, powerful, and full of eloquence, and his rendering of Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio in B flat has never been surpassed at St. James's Hall. The performance of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, with Herr Mühlfeld in the principal part, lent additional significance to the occasion, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful interpretation of the work.

A splendid performance of Brahms' Clarinet Quintet was the most noteworthy item on Saturday, December 10. Herr Mühlfeld sustained the solo parts, and was also heard in Mozart's Trio in E flat, for piano, clarinet, and viola. Signor Piatti introduced Bach's Suite in G for violoncello, No. 1, with a pianoforte accompaniment written by himself. There is little authority for such an addition, but the improvement in the effect is undeniable. Miss Girtin Barnard was the vocalist, and obtained merited approval. On Monday, December 12, Brahms' Quintet was repeated, and the programme included Weber's beautiful Duet in E flat, for pianoforte and clarinet, Op. 48. Miss Zimmermann played three little pieces by herself, and Mr. Andrew Black was admirable in songs by Handel and Schumann.

Mr. William Wallace, a young Scotch composer, was represented in the Crystal Palace programme, November 26, by a symphonic poem, entitled "The Passing of Beatrice." It is in one extended movement, for the most part gentle, dreamy, and Wagnerian in phraseology. The remaining orchestral items in the scheme were Schumann's Symphony in G, Gluck's Overture to "Iphigénie en Tauride," with, of course, Wagner's close, and the same composer's Dance of Blessed Spirits from "Orfeo." Miss Adelina de Lara's rendering of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat was refined and delicate rather than powerful. The performance of Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio "Christus" on December 3 was, on the whole, excellent. Mr. Manns included in the programme Professor Bridge's "Crossing the Bar," which was followed by a very fine reading of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. The poetical effect of these works following one another was somewhat marred by the persistent attempt of part of the audience to obtain a repetition of "Crossing the Bar." The programme, which likewise contained a couple of songs, commenced with the orchestral prelude "At Bethlehem," from Sir A. Sullivan's oratorio, "The Light of the World," and concluded with Mr. Hamish MacCunn's choral ballad, "The Cameronian's Dream."

Owing to Mr. Manns' absence in Glasgow the Crystal Palace Concert on December 10 was conducted by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. The most interesting features of the programme were Dr. Mackenzie's own "Twelfth Night" overture, written for the Richter Concerts five years ago and since not very often repeated; and the

same composer's prelude to the opera "Colomba."

That wonderful young violoncellist, Master Jean Gerardy, gave a clever rendering of M. Saint Saens' Concerto in A minor, and afterwards played a Fantaisie Caprice by the Dutch composer, Dunkler, together with a piece by Popper for an encore; while the Symphony was no less familiar a work than Haydn's "Oxford" (once better known as "Letter Q.") In regard to the vocalist there was a disappointment. Miss Paliser had been engaged, and had already arrived at the Crystal Palace, when she found that an attack of hoarseness would prevent her appearance. Her place was therefore taken at short notice by Miss Ada Patterson, who sang Spohr's "Rose, softly blooming," and Grieg's "Solvieg's Song," and was recalled after each.

The concluding concert of the year, December 17, was conducted by Mr. Manns. Corder's "Nordisa Overture," arranged by the composer for the concert-room, was the first number on the programme, and Mackenzie's "Pibroch for Violin and Orchestra," Op. 42, followed. The Symphony was Mozart's "Parisian" in D, and the concert closed with a very spirited performance of the "Tannhäuser Overture." Mrs. Katherine Fisk sang Handel's "Awake, Saturnia" and Bohm's "Calm as the Night" with considerable dramatic power, but a want of artistic finish in her rendering was noticeable. The Crystal Palace Concerts will be resumed in February.

The attendance at the London Symphony Concerts has latterly increased, and on December 1 the audience was a large one. The scheme included Brahms' Double Concerto for violin and violoncello, Op. 102, in which Mr. Gorski was associated with Mr. Carl Fuchs, the Manchester violoncellist. Brahms' Concerto in A minor was first produced by Mr. Henschel at one of the London Symphony Concerts in the early part of 1888, very soon after it had first been given to the world in Germany. The slow movement, a gem of melody, is emphatically the best; but the first movement, a splendid example of musical workmanship, indisputably gains on rehearing. Miss Florence sang "Elsa's Song" from the balcony, and the symphony was Raff's "Lenore."

"The Golden Legend" is now established as one of the prime favourites in the repertory of the Royal Choral Society, and the performance on December 7 drew a great throng of music-lovers to the Albert Hall. "The Golden Legend" has grown, and continues to grow in the esteem both of the cultured and the superficial musician, and Mr. Barnby was once more successful in securing an altogether admirable performance. The soloists were Madame Albani, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Henschel, and Miss Clara Butt, an excellent if less experienced singer, who completed the quartet.

To other performances it is not possible now to refer, but I must mention the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society's opening concert, December 6; this was largely attended. Mendelssohn's Symphony in C minor, Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture, and the clever Prelude recently composed by Dr. Hubert Parry for the Oxford performances of "The Frogs" of Aristophanes, were all attacked in turn and most creditably treated.

Under the direction of Mr. Frederic Griffith the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society gave its first concert of the present season, December 7. The programme opened with Mozart's Serenade in C minor for oboes, clarinets, horns, and bassoons; its delightful movements were heartily applauded. Mr. Edward German's Suite, for flute and pianoforte was played by Mr. Griffith and the composer, and the concert ended with Raff's very interesting "Sinfonietta."

## How to Practise.

*We publish in our Music Supplement each month, for our young readers, a short piece by some one of the great masters, with explanatory remarks, which we hope may help them to understand and practise with pleasure the beautiful works which have interested and delighted generations of earnest students.*

**O**NE of our pieces for this month is the famous Andante in F, which Beethoven meant originally for the slow movement of the still more famous "Waldstein" Sonata. A friend, however, suggested to him that the sonata was, to say the least, long enough without a slow movement. So Beethoven, according to his wont, first flew into a violent rage, and afterwards eliminated this Andante, which was published separately. It is, we are afraid, not entirely adapted to the fingers of our young readers—at least, not of our youngest readers, which will find better material in the movement from one of the sonatas.

Special attention must be paid to three points. First, when playing the principal theme, and wherever else necessary, make the treble sing clearly, and keep the remainder of the harmony, which is merely accompaniment, very subdued. Secondly, very carefully study the arpeggio passages near the bottom of the first page, with a view to getting them soft yet crisp, and keeping the hand in proper position. Third, the octave passages which occur later on demand a great deal of practice to get them swift—not too swift—clear and ringing, and at times crisp. These qualities are very difficult of attainment, especially in the left hand. Use the third finger freely on the black notes, and even sometimes on the whites; and in the mezzoforte passages keep the wrist loose. In the phrases, however, that are played forte and staccato, the arm must be momentarily stiffened and the hands lifted as high as the rapid time will admit.

Beyond this octave passage there is nothing very difficult for the left hand. The passage, however, beginning



requires very great care indeed to get clearness combined with a true legato of the bass. Two bars later follow some phrases for the right hand, which need similar care. The arpeggio bass, a little further on, again, must be played with the left hand exceedingly loose, and judicious use must be made of the sustaining pedal. It will be found advisable to dwell momentarily on the first note of each bar.

If these points are attended to, and the time—especially that of the section in B flat—carefully worked out, a good performance of this, one of the loveliest and most delightful of Beethoven's slow movements, is bound to ensue.

IN our notice in the December Number of the Artistic Piano by Messrs. Broadwoods, we omitted the surname of the fortunate possessor, Mr. Athelston Riley, for whom the instrument was designed.



**J. F. R.**



## Beethoven as a Friend.

It says much for the charm of Beethoven's personality that throughout his whole life he should have won so many and such staunch friends; friends who, in spite of rough usage, unworthy suspicions, and even occasional violence, remained true to the last to their idol, and held that Beethoven, like the king, could do no wrong. It was perhaps partly owing to the fact that the composer, from his youth up, had been spoilt by his friends and patrons, that he acquired a hastiness of temper and a *brusquerie* of manner that, in a lesser man, would have assuredly aroused resentment, and brought retaliation from those who smarted from his lack of consideration and self-control. He could love—none better—but he could not master his temper; and the simplicity of mind, which was one of his greatest charms, led him too often to listen to base insinuations against those who had shown themselves to be worthy of the most implicit trust.

It is pleasant to read that Beethoven looked upon his mother as his dearest and best friend. After her death he wrote: "Who was happier than I while I could yet pronounce the sweet name of mother? There was once someone to hear me when I said 'mother.' But to whom can I address that name now? Only to the silent pictures of her which my fancy paints." Fortunately, he found a second mother in Madame Breuning, in whose house at Bonn he soon came to be regarded as one of the children. He spent the greater part of every day with the Breuning family, who were, as Schindler says, his guardian angels, and his friendship with whom was never interrupted for a moment during his whole life.

Soon after his arrival in Vienna Beethoven was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of the Prince and Princess Lichnowsky, who seem at once to have taken the young musician to their hearts, and who treated him almost like an adopted son. The prince gave him an allowance of 600 florins, while the princess did her best to spoil him—finding everything that the young man did or left undone right, clever, original, and amiable. In later years, Beethoven, when speaking of these good friends, said: "They would have brought me up with grandmotherly fondness, which was carried to such a length that very often the princess was on the point of having a glass shade made to put over me, so that no unworthy person might touch or breathe upon me." The Lichnowskys do not appear to have been singular in their treatment of the young composer, for we are told that his eccentricities met with indulgence, and even admiration, from high and low, and that there was a time when the name Beethoven had become a general password to which everything gave way.

Beethoven's unhappy relations with his brothers, and his misfortunes in his love affairs, together with the helplessness caused by his deafness, rendered him particularly dependent upon the affection and sincerity of his friends. Sad indeed would have been his lot had it not been for the sympathy and support of men like Stephen Breuning, Wegeler, Ries, and Schindler, who both practised and preached the doctrine

that it was impossible to do too much for Beethoven. The composer himself was not slow to recognise the value of friendship in general, and of these friends in particular. He scolded them, snubbed them, and mistrusted them, but at the same time he loved them, and clung to them with an almost childlike dependence. His views on the subject of friendship may be gathered from a passage here and there in his letters. As early as 1796, when he was but sixteen, he writes to his brother Johann from Prague: "My music secures me friends and regard—what more do I want?" Again, in later life he writes in a more melancholy strain to Count Gleichenstein: "What is the use of saying that you would send me word when there was to be music again? Am I nothing more than a musician to you and others? Nowhere but in my own bosom can I find a resting-place. No; friendship and feelings like it can only have pain for me. Poor Beethoven, there is no external happiness for you. Only in the ideal world do you find friends." This letter seems to have been written in a somewhat

up with is clear from Schindler's account of the great concert at which the Ninth Symphony was produced in 1824. Though, as far as appreciation went, the performance was a success, the affair was little short of a fiasco from a financial point of view. Beethoven was so annoyed at this failure that he accused Schindler and M. Dupont, the manager, of having defrauded him, nor did he withdraw this charge and apologize until six months later, when he begged that what had passed might be forgotten. In his latter days Beethoven carried his suspicious feeling to such an extreme that he would trust nobody to pay the most trifling bills for him, and would often doubt the authenticity of a receipt.

It was fortunate for the composer that he had so frank and open-hearted a manner of making his peace that his friends were fain to pass over every insult and vexation that might have been received from him. In a repentant note to Schindler after one of these outbursts he writes: "What an abominable picture of myself you have shown me! I am not worthy of your friendship. I did not meditate a base action; it was

thoughtlessness which urged me to my unpardonable conduct towards you. I fly to you, and in an embrace ask for my lost friend; and you will restore him to me—to your contrite, faithful, and loving friend, Beethoven."

It may not be uninteresting to note the effect produced by Beethoven's personal appearance upon his friends. Schindler says that his height scarcely exceeded five feet four inches, and that his figure was compact, strong, and muscular. "His head, which was unusually large, was covered with long bushy gray hair, which, being always in a state of disorder, gave a certain wildness to his appearance. This wildness was not a little heightened when he suffered his beard to grow to a great length, as he frequently did. His forehead was high and expanded, and he had small brown eyes, which, when he laughed, seemed to be nearly sunk in his head; but, on the other hand, they were suddenly distended to an unusually large size when one of his musical ideas took possession of his mind."

His whole personal appearance then underwent a sudden and striking change. There was an air of inspiration and dignity in his aspect; and his diminutive figure seemed to tower to the gigantic proportions of his mind. . . . His mouth was well-formed; his under lip protruded a little, and his nose was rather broad. His smile diffused an exceedingly amiable and animated expression over his countenance. . . . His chin was marked in the middle and on each side with a long furrow, which imparted a striking peculiarity to that part of his countenance. His complexion was of a yellowish tint, which, however, went off in the summer season, when he was accustomed to be out much in the open air. His plump cheeks were then suffused with fresh hues of red and brown."

Another friend describes him as short in stature, with broad shoulders, short neck, square head, round nose, and brown complexion, and adds that he stooped a little in walking. Wegeler says that he was strong-boned, active, and a model of strength.



BEETHOVEN'S MOTHER.  
(From a picture by Kaspar Benedict Beckenkamp.)

morbid state, for Count Gleichenstein, whose acquaintance he made about the same time as that of Count von Brunswick, was one of the best friends of Beethoven's later life. Count von Brunswick, according to Schindler, possessed a more profound comprehension of the master's genius than any of his other admirers. It was in fact not the mere admiration of his genius, but a comprehension and appreciation of it, that attached Beethoven to a friend.

It was during the year 1814 that Schindler first made the acquaintance of the man who had long been the object of his reverence and adoration. "Beethoven," says Schindler, "frequently permitted me to accompany him in his walks, a privilege which I accounted one of the greatest felicities of my life, and for which, though overloaded by studies, I always contrived to find plenty of time. To render him a service, whenever and wherever he needed it, became from that moment till his decease my bounden duty; and any commission that he gave me took precedence of every other engagement."

That these good friends had something to put







## Beethoven.

## "The Three Styles," and his Present and Future Position.

FRONT VIEW OF HOUSE IN BONN WHERE  
BEETHOVEN WAS BORN.

BEETHOVEN'S BIRTH-ROOM.

HOUSE IN BONN WHERE BEETHOVEN WAS  
BORN, SHOWING BIRTH-CHAMBER.

THE mere fact that Beethoven is universally accepted at the present day as the world's greatest composer is no proof that even the next generation will so accept him. John Jenkins also was great in his day: he wrote "cart-loads of music" which were immensely popular—and lo! which of us heard of him until the late eminent antiquary, Mr. Hullah, reprinted one or two of the forgotten masterpieces? In painting, music, and literature numberless men have been accepted as "classics" by one generation, only to be refused by the next. Who now reads Congreve, greater than Shakespeare? who studies the mighty Dr. Johnson? who as much as looks, except sometimes with wondering curiosity, at Benjamin West's pictures? These men, look you, lived their lives and manfully did their day's work, serving their generation. But to us their message is a meaningless mumble; and the human race being unspeakably ungrateful, we have discarded them like worn-out slippers! Will the day ever come when we will similarly serve Homer, Shakespeare, Bach, or Beethoven?—where is the surety that these will stand when others, in their time and after it, held to be great, have gone into the darkness and are forgotten? Many of the mighty ones of the past shine like fixed stars in the heavens; but see, the very heavens are not fixed but change every hour, and to-morrow the shining ones may be put far from us and their light be no more seen.



Illusions as to the immortality of human works have been purged away by the consuming fire of modern science. A few years ago it would have been esteemed blasphemy to say that Homer and Shakespeare may some day be forgotten. That is all changed now. Most of us are beginning to realize that there is not the ghost of a chance of the mightiest thinker being remembered *for ever*; we see that the day is approaching, slowly but inevitably, when Homer and Shakespeare, and if one ten times as great should come, he too, must be no longer acceptable. We cannot expect the grown man to heed the babbling chatter of the child, however significant that may be to children. Beethoven, too, who shines at present "like a star in blackest night," must fade in the

light of the coming day. May I venture to say more: to say that this Beethoven—who has taken such a hold on the nineteenth century that few of us can write a simple song without repeating his ideas, and in his dialect—may be somewhat less than universally accepted fifty years hence? I shall probably be stoned for this sentiment. Yet no one values Beethoven more highly than I do. But I think I recognise that humanity is changing and that much of his music, absolutely necessary to this generation, may be absolutely distasteful to the next. Much, again, appeals to those elements which, humanly speaking, appear permanent in human nature, and this, it seems to me, will endure as long as Homer or Shakespeare. In this essay, then, besides noting the influences which affected the growth of Beethoven's music, and the significance of his music to us to-day, I shall also try to show why certain parts of it will have little meaning to the children of to-morrow.

Let me here say that the question of the ultimate destiny of Beethoven's music ought not in the least to affect our appreciation of it now. It cannot be asserted too often or too emphatically that humanity must not *hedge*, must not in the slightest degree modify its convictions, because it is seen that those convictions will soon be out of date. It is our duty to help the time-tendency. Even if the procession seems to be marching in a wrong direction, it is better to push hard, in the sure and certain hope of ultimately getting upon the right track, than to weaken the onward movement by futile endeavours to make short cuts for ourselves. Let us drink deeply of Beethoven; and if he is not to the taste of our children, that is their affair, not ours.

## Early Days.

ONE of those statements handed about from one biographer to another without reflection or verification is, that Beethoven's boyish compositions do not show the same precocity as Mozart's. Any one who knows the three little sonatas when he was thirteen years old (his father said he was eleven), and has compared them with anything Mozart wrote at the same age, can only wonder at the

sublime recklessness and abysmal ignorance of those who repeat this statement. It is perhaps true that the Beethoven compositions do not show the same mastery of counterpoint as Mozart's. But Beethoven *never* attained to that mastery, and we prize his music for quite other than its contrapuntal qualities—for such qualities as its richness and fullness of expression. And these we find in the three early sonatas in a degree that Mozart hardly arrived at in his mature works. Emphatically the boy Beethoven was the father of the man. Of course it is easy to prophesy after the event; but however I might have felt had I lived in the year 1734, it now seems impossible that I could have heard these sonatas and avoided forestalling Mozart's remark, "that this young man would make a noise in the world" Take the Sonata in F minor. At once we get a surprise. The rhythm  had been commonly enough used by Handel, Bach, and Father Haydn. Young Beethoven will none of it; he gives us a new and immensely more emphatic rhythm  which reminds us of some of the startling rhythmical effects of the Coriolanus overture, the fifth symphony, and other later works. The theme of the Allegro is a rough draft for the passionate upward mounting phrase in the corresponding portion of the "Pathétique." It is needless to go through all the movements. I advise my readers to play them, and any other of the boyish works, and to note that in their richness of harmony, expressiveness of melody, passion and vigour, in the demands they make upon the player, and it must be owned, in some of their awkwardnesses, they clearly foretell what is coming.

Now, too, that we know all about it, we can trace to the influence of the early days in Bonn many of the characteristics that later showed themselves in Beethoven's music. His temper was utterly spoiled by the callous brutality of his drunken father, who, as we know, kept him at the piano from babyhood, and would frequently get the little tired chap out of bed at midnight to play to some boozed companion. But here was gained that command over his instrument which afterwards served him in good stead; and here, from the study of the music of



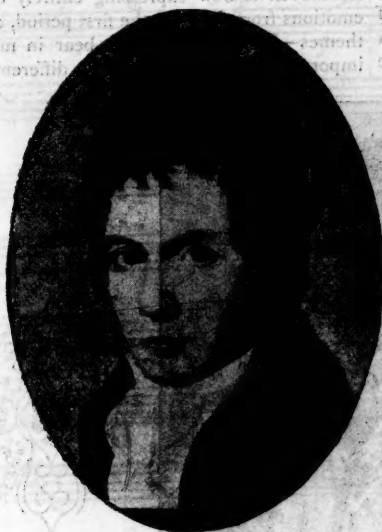
the Clementi rather than the Mozart school—for it must be remembered Mozart was a young man in 1780—he developed a love which must have been strong naturally for broad, massive effects rather than for brilliant show passages and delicate and fanciful embroidery. His duties, too, at the piano in the theatre orchestra, and at the organ in chapel, must have intensified his natural predilections in that direction. And here also he must have acquired that intimate knowledge of the orchestra and of instrumental combinations, which is shown in all the symphonies, from the "Eroica" onward. Indeed, when we remember how entirely orchestral is the whole of Beethoven's music, that he always imagined a theme on one or another instrument and never on the human voice, we can see how enormously important a part in the development of his genius, in its strength and weakness, was played by this little appointment in the little orchestra in the little and dirty theatre of a little and (there is reason to believe) rather dirty princeling.

had come very much under the influence of Mozart. Mozart, the divine Mozart, was still singing lovely songs as he resolutely marched along the squalid road to his grave, and when Beethoven visited Vienna in 1787 was crowned musical king; and Beethoven, disgusted with the "piffingness" of Father Haydn's character, would find no such hindrance to an unreserved admiration of the impetuous but courteous Mozart. The young man from Bonn would inevitably bow himself to, and for a time consciously model his work upon that of, the Salzburg master. And in the sonatas I have referred to, especially in such numbers as the Adagio of the first, the Rondo of the second, the first movement of the third, we get quantities of Mozart-cum-Haydnish embroidery, such as appear in no later works. Many phrases suggest both composers, and the incessantly-recurring cadence in the first Adagio has a peculiarly Mozartish ring. Whilst, however, there is a great deal of Mozart and Haydn, the man most present in these works is Beethoven

and the principal theme of the Rondo—all in the Sonata No. 2 in A. Beethoven had met congenial friends in the Breunings. He might not always be able to get all he wanted, but his life was no longer utterly desolate—henceforth he was "perpetually in love." So we may say that early unhappiness and hard work plus present happiness (comparative), and fulness of life plus influence of Mozart, resulted in the formation of Beethoven's first style.

### The Three Styles.

**B**EFORE proceeding to note the causes which effected the change from this to the second style, let us understand what is meant by this talk about styles. We can all of us feel an immense difference, not only in the manner, but in the matter expressed, between the fourth pianoforte sonata and the seventeenth, and between the latter and the twenty ninth. The same difference may be felt between the first, third, and



BEETHOVEN IN HIS 38TH YEAR.



BEETHOVEN IN HIS 42ND YEAR.



BEETHOVEN IN HIS 48TH YEAR.

### Mozart-cum-Haydn.

**F**EW great artists have been wise enough to destroy the tremendous productions of their hobbledehoy-hood. Byron must needs make himself a laughing-stock by rushing into print with his "Hours of Idleness," Shelley by printing his "Queen Mab"; and there were few who did not—being "young men in a hurry"—print much unendurable nonsense. Bach was wise, and in his later days re-wrote his early stuff. Accident was kind to Handel, and no one now can analyze the "interminable cantatas" we are told he wrote in his youth. Beethoven did not trust to accident, nor was he ass enough to raise prejudice against himself by publishing mere attempts at works of art. He must have scribbled reams of such—as all the other great ones did. They wrote and wrote, until to express themselves in music was second nature to them, until they knew clearly what they had to say and how to say it truthfully and naturally, without any aping of the manners of their predecessors. Beethoven undoubtedly went through the process. There is an enormous advance on the boyish sonatas of his thirteenth year visible in those written at Vienna in his early manhood, and a comparatively small number of compositions fill the gap. Beethoven, we may say, sowed his musical wild oats on the quiet.

But in the trios (Op. 1), and the sonatas (Op. 2), we can see that during this period he

himself. In the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC for July, 1892, will be found a splendid analysis of the emotional sequence of the Sonata in F minor; and whosoever has studied this as it ought to be studied will be convinced that Beethoven, though he was at this time imitating Mozart's accent and rounding his clauses in Mozart's way, was yet giving voice to his own feelings, speaking his own thoughts. The truth of this diagnosis by our friend Marshall-Hall—who, by the way, ought to be at home writing articles to be read by intelligent readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC instead of lecturing to mere savages in Australia—cannot be doubted when we remember that Beethoven had hitherto led a dreary, monotonous, self-repressed life of mere irksome, industrious, unproductive drudgery, and at this period must have been filled with the longing for fuller life which Marshall-Hall so well describes. But I do not regard this mood as characteristic of the music of Beethoven's "first period." Not until we reach the "Pathétique" sonata do we get another expression of the bitter heart-hunger. The intervening compositions, and those which come after the "Pathétique," are filled with fervent, deep, warm feeling. Of sadness there is plenty, but none of the intolerable, bitter yearning of the first sonata, the yearning to which Beethoven gave full expression only in the ninth symphony. For instances of the feeling which principally characterizes the compositions of "first style," I refer readers to such passages as bars 17-20 of the Allegro, the whole of the Largo and the Scherzo,

seventh symphonies, and the first, seventh, and fourteenth quartet, and so on. Of course the manner of every artist changes as he advances in years; but in the case of Beethoven the changes are marked and sudden to an extraordinary degree; and an examination and comparison of his compositions would seem to show that he worked cheerfully in one style for a number of years, then laid it aside and adopted another, which in turn was after a time discarded in favour of a third. Herr von Lenz was the first to show this clearly. But though his classification of Beethoven's works as belonging to the first, second, or third style appears at first eminently satisfactory, we are not so well pleased with it after a time—indeed, we get into rather a puzzled state. For we are compelled to class the second symphony (Op. 36) as belonging to the first style, whilst the three sonatas (Op. 31) clearly belong to the second. Innumerable instances of a similar sort might be given. And putting aside those compositions which may have been written earlier and published with a late opus number, there are cases enough to prove that Beethoven must have worked in all three styles at once. And yet when a harmless English doctor asked him in his second period to write a symphony in his first style—the phrase was not invented then, and the doctor, I believe, gave a concrete example of what he meant—Beethoven threatened to "kick him downstairs." He could not compose in this or that style to order. Nor can we believe that he varied his style as the mood



of the moment impelled him. What is the explanation, then, of this seeming three steps forward and two backward movement in the development of his style?

Let us take a few facts into account. Beethoven, as we know, composed with extreme caution, working again and again at themes for years if they did not come into shape sooner. He was exceeding economical with his material: when once he had a theme he made the most of it. The theme is always the emotional germ of the complete movement. The changes in his style were not merely superficial, but were the inevitable changes of manner consequent on his having something fresh to say. Let us apply these facts. When Beethoven wrote the sonatas Op. 31 he had something fresh to say, and used themes and wrote in the manner of the second period. Later again, when he wanted to write a symphony he went back to his early sketches, found there themes which would develop in no other than the first-period manner, themes which revived in him his first-period emotions, and accordingly he wrote a symphony in his first style. If he had to use a theme—and his economical principles almost compelled him to use them—he must develop in

the coming time, when machinery and "business" and work of all kinds are subordinated to their proper place, and men live to live and have time to do it, then, and not until then, there may be objections to the screaming passion and lack of repose in such works as the "Pathétique," the "Moonlight" and a few movements of the Op. 18 quartets. But to us of this generation these works are all important. They give distinct utterance to what we vaguely feel and are troubled to express. And without the "Pathétique" and the "Funeral March" Sonata we should not have experienced our full capabilities of passion, and should have been so much short of our present spiritual stature.

### Second Style.

**B**EETHOVEN'S deafness increased apace. In spite of many doctors, many remedies, and all manner of ear-trumpets and hearing machines, the insensibility of the nerves became such that at last he was unconscious of loud sounds in his immediate proximity. He was verily cut off from the land of the living. Deafness is a decided disadvantage to the burglar, or the

at cheerfulness as the Allegretto of the D minor Sonata, Op. 31. On the other hand, we get more and more passages of nearly intolerable pathos. See the passage in the Allegro of the sonata just referred to, beginning



*f. dim.*

and the recitative which follows; or the adagio phrases in the Rondo of the sonata in G belonging to the same set, or the coda to the minuet of the next sonata. We get more, too, of fiery outbursts, mere strivings with the inevitable.

Although at the first glance the second style seems to differ greatly from the first, yet a thorough study of both shows us that it is not the style that has altered much, but the message the composer delivers, not the manner so much as the matter. Of course, matter and manner are to an extent inseparable; but the point I wish to make is, that the latter has changed only to accommodate the former. Beethoven is now expressing entirely different emotions from those of the first period, and the themes—for we must always bear in mind the importance of his themes—are different. But



BEETHOVEN IMPROVISING ALONE, AS HE FANCIES, WHILE MOZART BRINGS IN THE EMPRESS AND HER LADIES-IN-WAITING TO LISTEN TO HIM.

the manner of the period to which it belonged. To develop a first-period theme into a third-period sonata was about as difficult as to hatch a goose out of a duck's egg. When he began to work at a first-period theme he became again for the time the first-period Beethoven. And this seems to me the explanation of the anomaly of his styles. I venture to assert that every recurrence of his early manner in the later days was owing to his going back to early material.

I have mentioned that in the sonata "Pathétique" the note of dissatisfaction is again sounded. But the mood there, as in the case of the first sonata, is temporary. And in neither sonata, or any of the works of the earlier period, is there any sign of the utter desolation of spirit that finds expression in the compositions of the second period. On the contrary, the sonatas which follow show undiminished enjoyment of life. He feels joy and sorrow as the dramatist feels them: his own sorrow has not yet "come to stay." His life was full of varied occupations, he was "perpetually in love," he had not yet come to ponder the paradox of renunciation or the nothingness of human joys and hopes. Hence these works will always, I imagine, give pleasure, even to the latest generations. In

policeman who tries to catch him; to the preacher in the pulpit, though not always to the sleeper in the pew; to the man who blows the organ, and how much more to the man who plays it! A deaf musician, a blind painter, a lame athlete, a dumb orator! It was a terrible burden to Beethoven—Beethoven the great pianist; Beethoven the composer, who hammered out his compositions at the piano; Beethoven the talkative, who loved to go into society and lie on his admirers' sofas after dinner, "picking his teeth with the candle-snuffers." His life became a mere burden, as it was in the old days in Bonn, without the hopefulness of youth to support it. One cannot wonder that he became more and more sullen and uncertain in temper. Nor can we wonder either at the change in the character of his music. There are no more lovely melodies, such as the first theme of the twelfth sonata, the theme of the Andante of the first symphony, the second subject of the Allegro of the Second Quartet. Nearly every composition of the second period is a record of a spiritual battle. Only on very rare occasions does he seem to have a moment's relief, and then he does not sing as of old, but gives us such a sad attempt

the mode of development is the same, or almost the same. The only difference is due to the fact that he had been studying Bach and Handel more closely than formerly, and occasionally dropped into canon or fugato as Mr. Wegg (at Mr. Boffin's request) dropped into poetry. The characteristics of the second style are: incessant dramatic depicting of the composer's own woes and emotional conflicts; absence, in a large measure, of the element of purely sensuous beauty; and a great percentage of counterpoint. (See the quartets of this period, the third symphony, etc.) And it is this portion of Beethoven's music that will, I believe, be less acceptable to the generations which follow immediately after. It is acceptable enough to us, for we have lived, like Beethoven, in a time when the old faiths were dead and the new one had not been preached; we have endured the era of individualism, *laissez-faire*, and competition; we have felt the hopelessness of it, the iron has entered into our souls. Such sad consolation as Beethoven has for us let us gladly take. But of this consolation I am convinced our children will have none. The night is departing, the day is close at hand; individualism is *not* eternal, nor free competition



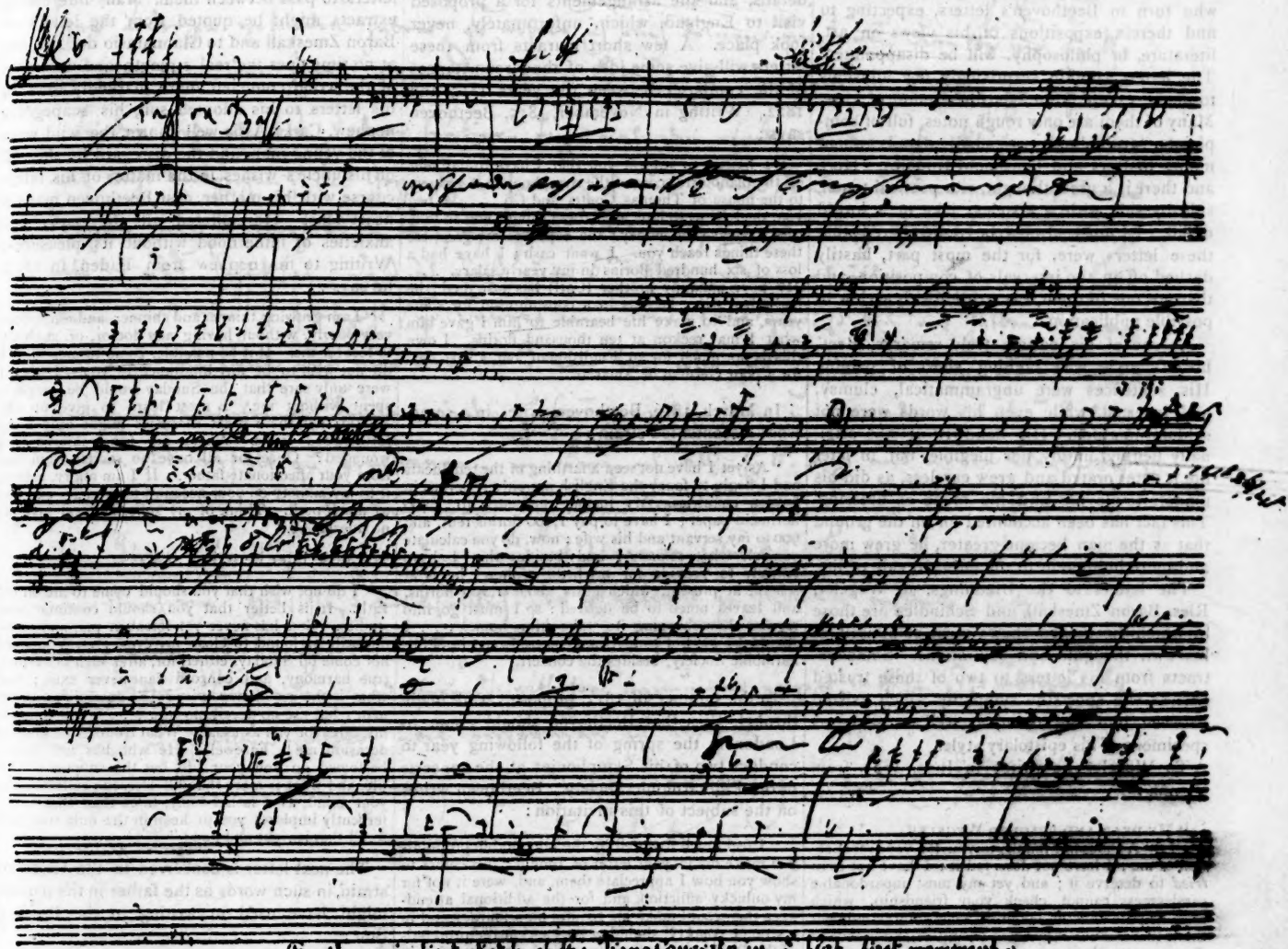
ordained by the Creator of the universe. On the contrary, we see that these are doomed by the eternal force, and that a time of human brotherhood is coming—a time when joy, not sorrow or mere dull *ennui*, shall be the average lot.

### Third Period.

JUST as the human race is going through a time of suffering and renunciation, and is coming upon a period of joy, so Beethoven himself suffered, renounced, and reached a certain happiness. Entirely happy he could not be. The effects of years of misery can only be stamped out in several generations, and his deafness was an ever-

We can see why Beethoven should have found the contrapuntal mode of expression so congenial in his later days. For the depicting of a serene, almost rapturous state of mind, he felt the need—as Handel and Bach before, and Wagner after him, did—of a web of sound, kaleidoscope-like, always changing and evolving new and lovely combinations. And this web of sound, so much better adapted to the expression of his later moods than the distinctness and directness of "melody," was most easily arrived at by contrapuntal devices. Beethoven adopted the method because it was the easiest to handle, not from any pedantic love of contrapuntal dodges as such. Like a wise man he went along the line of least resistance.

in perfect loveliness of technical structure. We might almost imagine Beethoven wrote, not for the nations of to-day, but for the people of the glorious time that is to come, when nationality shall be a forgotten thing. He deals only with what is fundamental and essential. His music is not German in the same sense as we apply the word to Weber's. A German indeed speaks, and in the German dialect; but it is a German who can think the thoughts and experience within himself the emotions of all men—whether they be English, French, or "heathen Chinese." Our life is woven of joys and sorrows, and with these only is Beethoven concerned. The scenery amidst which men act their little pranks troubles him little. In Weber and Wagner we get a sense



Beethoven's first sketch of the Piano Concerto in E flat, first movement.

fresh source of misery. But a certain serenity he did reach. Gradually there is less and less of mere sound and fury in his music, less of the dramatic representation of his sufferings, less pathos. There are now no more songs of the early sort—for Beethoven was now an old man—but of lively movements, nay, complete works—the late Sonata in E, the seventh sonata—in which the prevailing mood is loving tenderness, there are many. I need not remind readers of the finale of the choral symphony, the "Dona nobis" of the Mass in D, the air with variations of the last pianoforte sonata. Beethoven had endured and won.

It is about this third style, which I am compelled to treat briefly, that most might be said. Here the style, the manner, has actually changed. But the change is due to the same cause as we saw at work in the second period: the influence of the method of Handel and Bach.

HAVE purposely left any remarks as to the ultimate verdict on this third-period music until now. For it seems to me that Beethoven, as Beethoven, the world's greatest musician, stands or falls with this later music. His second-period music, with its negation of joy, its gospel of sorrow, will be utterly repugnant to the coming generations. Had he written nothing but the early works, he would necessarily be placed—as an artist at any rate—beneath the giants who went before him, Bach, Handel, and Mozart. What then shall we say of the later music? That it is, humanly speaking, immortal, is the inevitable judgment. Noble thoughts and emotions, thoughts and emotions that make for life, which appeal therefore to the permanent elements in our nature, are expressed

of the mystery of the black German forests and rivers flowing from strange countries. But the scene of the Pastoral Symphony might be America, Africa, Japan—it matters not to Beethoven. He stands there, a man, a bundle of sensibilities, with capacity for delight or its opposite, and finds no special interest, or at least shows none in his music, in the fact that German peasants and not Norwegian are dancing there, and must hurry in out of the rain. Hence, I call Beethoven, like Shakespeare, a world-artist; his greatness and his glory rests on this, that, divested of all that is merely passing, he remains a giant of humanity, a man who has felt, as one before and none since has felt, the primary emotions of joy and sorrow, which are life.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

### To Sum Up.



## Beethoven as a Correspondent.

**N**EARLY all the greatest composers and most distinguished musicians have been prolific letter-writers, and Beethoven was no exception to this rule. His letters have not the charm and the literary style of those of Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Schumann, but they are freely and naturally written, and give us a series of rough portraits of the writer in his habit as he lived—that is, in mental dressing-gown and slippers. Those who turn to Beethoven's letters, expecting to find therein expositions of his views on art, literature, or philosophy, will be disappointed. The letters contain surprisingly few allusions to music, except from a business point of view. Many of them are only rough notes, full of complaints, grumblings, or small details about money matters and household troubles. Here and there is a great thought, or a poetical touch, side by side with a tasteless joke or a sordid detail. It must always be remembered that these letters were, for the most part, hastily dashed off in the intervals of composition, and that not one of them was written with a view to possible publication.

As one of his editors truly remarks, Beethoven's style was nothing short of painful. His sentences were ungrammatical, clumsy, and inverted, while even his words were not seldom misspelt. His handwriting was originally neither untidy nor illegible, but in later life it deteriorated and grew careless, as did his pianoforte-playing and his mode of dressing. This fact has been accounted for on the ground that as the man became greater, he grew more and more indifferent to the outward side of life.

The letters to the Breunings, to Wegeler, Ries, Baron Zmeskall, and Schindler are those in which Beethoven shows most of himself, of his own thoughts and aspirations. Some extracts from his letters to two of these trusted friends will show the sympathy which existed between him and them, as well as serve as specimens of his epistolary style.

To Wegeler he writes in June, 1821, from Vienna:

"MY DEAR AND BELOVED WEGELER,  
"A thousand thanks to you for your recollection of me; I have not deserved it; I have not even tried to deserve it; and yet my most unpardonable carelessness cannot check your friendship, which remains pure and unshaken. Do not for a moment think that I could forget you or any of those once so dear to me; there are times when I long for you, when I sincerely wish to stay with you for a while. My country and the charming place which gave me birth, are ever before my eyes; their beauty undimmed as when I left them—in short, I shall consider that time the happiest which leads me back to you all, once more greeting the Rhine in all its patriarchal beauty. I cannot tell you *when* this may be, but thus much I must say to you all, that you shall not see me until I am much greater—not greater only in my art, but better and more perfect as a man; and then if our country should not be more flourishing, I will employ my art for the benefit of the poor only. . . . I have never forgotten one of you, dear, kind friends, even when I was most silent; for, as to writing, why that, you know, never was my forte—the dearest friends have not had letters from me for years. I live entirely in my music, and no sooner is one thing finished than I begin another—indeed, I now sometimes write three or four things at the same time."

In November, 1801, he writes again to Wegeler in an even more confidential strain:

"Were it not for my hearing, I should have travelled over half the globe—that is what I long for. My greatest enjoyment is to pursue my art, and to produce in it. Do not think I should be happy with you

all about me. In how far could that ameliorate my condition? Your very anxiety for me would be painfully visible in your looks, and would add to my misery. And that beautiful country of mine, what was my lot in it?—the hope of a happy future. This might now be realized if I were freed from my affliction. Oh, freed from that I should compass the world! My physical powers have for some time been materially increasing, those of my mind likewise; I feel myself nearer and nearer the goal—I feel, but cannot describe it. . . . Take but one half of my disease from me, and I will return to you a matured and accomplished man, renewing the ties of our friendship, for you shall see me as happy as I may be in this sublunary world—not as a sufferer, no, that would be more than I could bear. I will blunt the sword of Fate; it shall not utterly destroy me."

The letters written to Ries, when the latter was in London, are filled chiefly with business details, and the arrangements for a proposed visit to England, which, unfortunately, never took place. A few short extracts from these letters will give some idea of the circumstances of the composer between the years 1815 and 1822. Writing in November, 1815, Beethoven says:

"I hasten to inform you that I have to-day sent off the pianoforte score of the Symphony in A by post to the house of Thomas Coutts and Co. . . . I beg you, dear Ries, to look after these things, and to take care I receive the money; the expenses are great ere these things reach you. I want cash; I have had a loss of six hundred florins in my yearly salary. . . . My poor unhappy brother (Carl) has just died; he had a bad wife; he was in a consumption for some years, and to make life bearable to him I gave him what I may reckon at ten thousand florins. I own this is not much for an Englishman, but a vast deal for a poor German or Austrian."

In March, 1816, Beethoven writes in a somewhat discontented strain:

"As yet I have not seen a farthing of the ten ducats and I begin to fancy the English are only generous in foreign countries. My income amounts to 3,400 florins in paper; I have to pay 1,100 florins rent, and 900 to my servant and his wife: now, do you calculate yourself what remains; and besides this I have entirely to provide for my little nephew; he is at school, at present, which costs about 1,100 florins, and leaves much to be desired: so I must go into regular housekeeping to take him home. . . . I should be glad of some commissions from the Philharmonic Society, besides the concert."

In the summer of 1817, proposals were made through Ries that Beethoven should come to London in the spring of the following year to conduct two of his Symphonies at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. Beethoven writes on the subject of this invitation:

"I feel much flattered by the honourable proposals you make me in your letter of June 9; this comes to show you how I appreciate them, and were it not for my unlucky affliction, and for the additional attendance this would make me require on a journey and in a strange country, should at once accept the proposals of the Philharmonic Society. Now place yourself in my position, consider how many more difficulties I have to contend with than any other artist, and then judge whether my demands be unjust."

Here follow the terms which Beethoven laid down, and on which his acceptance was conditional. The most important of these were that two new grand Symphonies should be produced, which should remain the property of the Society. The Society was to pay three hundred guineas for these, and to allow the composer one hundred guineas for his travelling expenses. The Society was also to assist him in giving one or more benefit concerts. The terms were accepted, but, although the visit was talked of for two or three years, and the composer was obviously anxious to produce his works in London, something always seems to have arisen to prevent its fulfilment. He writes in April, 1822:

"I will think of coming to London if my health would permit it—perhaps next spring. You would find in me a master who truly appreciates his pupil, in his turn become a great master, and who

knows how, and in what way, the art might be benefited from our acting jointly? I am as ever completely devoted to my muses, and this alone can ensure me happiness."

Again in December, 1822, he writes:

"If I could but get to London, what would I not write for the Philharmonic Society! for, Heaven be praised, Beethoven can write, although he can do nothing else. If it please God to restore my health I may yet avail myself of the several proposals made to me from different parts of Europe, and even from North America, and thus might I once more be put in a flourishing state."

The notes to Schindler consist chiefly of a few lines, containing jokes, scoldings, or house-keeping details. Schindler being usually at his idol's beck and call, there was little need for letters to pass between them. Many interesting extracts might be quoted from the letters to Baron Zmeskall and to Giannatasio del Rio, but at no time does the real strength and weakness of the writer come out more markedly than in his letters to his adopted son, his scapegrace nephew, Carl. As is well known, the wild ways of the young man, and the disregard he showed of his uncle's wishes in the matter of his intercourse with his mother, cost Beethoven many a heart-ache. He suffered all the pains and anxieties of fatherhood without its pleasures. Writing to his nephew from Baden, in 1825, he says:

"I am growing thinner and thinner, and am indeed very poorly, without having any doctor, or anybody to feel for me. If it be possible, come to me. But I do not wish to be any hindrance to you. I wish I were only sure that the Sunday would be properly spent without me. I must learn to give up all. Would that these great sacrifices might only bring forth good fruits. Where am I not injured and wounded? Once for all have no secrets from me, from your affectionate father. If I am angry, ascribe it to my anxiety on your account, for you are exposed to much peril. Think of my sufferings and give me no uneasiness."

A little later he writes:

"I do not wish that you should come to me on the 14th. It is better that you should continue your studies. God has never yet forsaken me, and someone will be found to close my eyes. . . . You need not come on Sundays either, for, after such behaviour, true harmony, and concord can never exist; and what is the use of hypocrisy? Be in reality a better man; but use no deceit, no lies. . . . I will continue my cares for you as usual. What troubles do you not occasion me! Farewell. He who has not indeed bestowed on you your life, but the support of that life, and what is more than all else, the cultivation of your mind, as a father—nay, more than that—most fervently implores you to keep in the only true path to all that is right and good."

The next letter is conceived in the tenderest strain, in such words as the father in the parable might have used in writing to the Prodigal Son:

"My dear son, no more of this! Come to my arms—you shall hear not one harsh word. For God's sake do not ruin yourself! You shall be received as kindly as ever. As to what is to be thought of and done for the future—we will talk it over in a friendly manner together. Upon my word of honour, you shall hear no reproaches, which, indeed, can now do no good. . . . You have nothing to expect from me but the most affectionate care for your welfare. Only come to the heart of your father. . . . Only be obedient to me, and affection, peace of mind, and worldly prosperity will be our united lot. . . . A thousand times I embrace and kiss you—not my lost, but my newborn son. For you, my restored child, will your affectionate father ever care."

It seems almost incredible that in less than a year after the reconciliation to which these letters point, the unhappy young man should have attempted his own life, an act which, according to the laws of his country, placed him in the hands of justice. It was no doubt the shame and misery caused by his nephew's conduct that contributed to bring on the fatal illness that put an end to the almost unparalleled sufferings of the great composer.







## Beethoven and his "Rough Husk."

SIR GEORGE GROVE speaks about the "rough husk" of Beethoven, and that, as we have it described to us by those who were fortunate enough to behold, would assuredly have formed cause of merriment enough had the *fin de siècle* English boy been there to see. When Beethoven went first to Vienna, he seems to have been what the irreverent would now call a "dude." His ambition was to be in the fashion, and so he wore silk stockings, per-ruque, long boots and sword, sported a seal ring, and carried a double eyeglass. But this does not appear to have continued for very long. Genius generally likes to show something of the Bohemian, something of the *outré*; and Beethoven began by disdaining to have his hair cut. He wanted a servant, and one applicant, putting forward what he thought would be a necessary accomplishment, was met with the reply, "It is no object to me to have my hair dressed." Of course not. Fancy a portrait of Beethoven showing that fine Jupiter Olympus with his locks sleeked down after the manner of an early Puritan parson!

But it was not his hair only that he refrained from dressing: he hardly even, as we would say, dressed himself. When Czerny saw him in his rooms, he found him clad in a loose, hairy stuff, which made him rather more like Robinson Crusoe than the first musician in Europe; his ears were filled with wool, which he had soaked in some yellow substance; his beard showed more than half an inch of hirsute growth, and his hair stood up in a thick shock that told of an unacquaintance with brush and comb for many a day. It is perhaps true enough that he never wore his good clothes at home. Now and again, at any rate, the master does not seem to have been very particular as to whether he appeared almost "mid nodings on" at all. As Moscheles tells us, he could not be made to understand clearly why he should not stand in his nightshirt at the open window; and when he attracted a crowd of juveniles by this eccentricity, he inquired with perfect simplicity "What those d—d boys were hooting at."

On the whole, he seems to have been rather fond of the open window. He was one of those unhappy individuals (they are always getting into a scrape) who have to make up for the Adamic lapse from virtue by mowing their own chins; and in this delicate operation he was like Macaulay, who, being asked what he usually paid to the man who shaved him, replied that he generally paid him with a couple of slashes on each cheek. Beethoven, indeed, was not so niggardly. He "cut himself horribly," according to one biographer; and not only that, but he did it at the open window in full view, thus enabling the people on the street to share in the diversion. Luther, as everybody knows, vanquished the devil with an ink-pot; but our composer, perhaps finding the fiend incarnate in the piano—as those who have the luxury of musical neighbours sometimes do—emptied the bottle among the wires, and so relieved himself in a fit of passion! Whether he dined or not was immaterial to him, and there is at least one authentic instance of his having urged on the waiter payment for a meal which he had neither ordered nor eaten. An authentic instance, we have said, but on second thoughts we are inclined to doubt whether the waiter ever existed that required "urging" in the matter of coin of the realm. The probabilities are certainly on

Beethoven's side. Somebody once presented him with a horse, but he forgot all about the animal, and had its existence recalled to him only when the bill for its keep was sent in.

In one respect, at any rate, he considered himself a genius, in respect, namely, that his papers were always in a state of confusion; but he also fitted Mark Twain's description of the genius as a man who writes a wretched hand. His caligraphy, indeed, is described as "terrible," and we may readily admit that it must have been bad enough when he found fun in it himself. Dean Stanley used to remark that he would decline to read a letter of his own an hour after it was written. Beethoven might have said the same thing. "Yesterday," he writes to Simrock, "yesterday I took a letter myself to the post-office, and was asked where it was meant to go, from which I see that my writing is as often misunderstood as I am myself." That might easily be, for the one was just as great an enigma to the Philistine world as was the other. But there was something more than the mere writing in which to find a joke. One characteristic of his letters is the fun they contain. As a biographer remarks, Swift himself never made worse puns with more pleasure, or devised queerer spellings, or more miserable rhymes, or bestowed more nicknames on his friends. No one is spared; even his brother Johann is "Asinus," and perhaps there was more point in that description than in some others. On one occasion this same brother, who lived on his own property, and was very proud of the fact, called on him and left a card, inscribed, "Johann van Beethoven, land proprietor," and the composer immediately returned it, after writing on the back, "L. van Beethoven, brain proprietor." It was a happy thrust, and we can imagine him chuckling over it as he sipped his wine in his bachelor chamber, or took his evening walk into the suburbs. In one letter he has a sly dig at the Vienna musicians, when he tells of having made a certain set of variations "rather difficult to play," that he may puzzle "some of the pianoforte teachers here," who, he feels sure, will occasionally be asked to play the said variations. In another letter he remarks to his publisher that he can write nothing that is not *obligato*, having come into the world himself with an *obligato* accompaniment; and he can even descend to the joke of asking his friend Zmeskall not to *dis-card* him because he has called without any *card* of invitation! That way madness indeed lies.

One great source of amusement to us, though of no little trouble to him, are his difficulties about apartments and servants. De Quincey used to stay in one lodging till he had choked up the room with books and papers, then he went to another, still retaining the use of the old apartment. But Beethoven was far less reasonable than the opium-eater. He had a great notion for pouring water over his hands for a long time together, and if on such occasions, as Handel might have said, he "had a thought"—a musical thought—he would become so oblivious to everything else, that the floor would soon be swimming, and the water finding its way to the rooms of the neighbour below. What landlord could endure this without remonstrance? But the fault, from Beethoven's point of view, was sometimes on the other side. The natural man is not given to declining honours as a rule, but genius is a law unto itself, and that Baron Pronay found to his cost when the composer abandoned his rooms simply because the Baron persisted in raising his hat when the pair met. He seems, by the way, to have been quite opposed to this act of courtesy. On one occasion as he was walking along the street he met a group of society notables, among

whom he observed a special friend of his own; but the revulsion against empty formalities was so strong in him at the moment, that he kept his hat tight on his head and passed by "on the other side." Every lodging—for the hat episode is a digression—turned out to be worse than its predecessor. Either the chimneys smoked, or the rain came through the roof as it did in that "little old log cabin down the lane," or the chairs refused to be sat upon without collapsing in protest, or the doors came off their hinges, or something else interfered with the comfort of the occupant.

And then the servants! But really the master was over-exacting here. Nancy might indeed be "too uneducated for a housekeeper," but surely the fact of her telling a falsehood did not imply, as Beethoven maintained it implied, that she could not make good soup. "The cook's off again," he tells one of his correspondents, who could hardly be surprised at the intelligence, when he learned that the composer had punished the unfortunate domestic for the staleness of the eggs by throwing the whole batch, one by one, at her head. It was probably after this that Beethoven determined to try cooking for himself. Early in the morning he set out for the market, and the astonished neighbours saw him return home with a loaf of bread and a piece of meat, while greens and other vegetables peeped out of the pockets of his plain brown overcoat. Now for a time he left off playing and writing music, and devoted himself to the study of Linz's "Cookery-Book." One day, as he thought himself sufficiently advanced in his new studies, he took it into his head to invite his best friends to a dinner prepared by himself. Everybody was naturally curious as to the result, and the guests were punctual to the minute. They found Beethoven busy in the kitchen with a nightcap on his head and a white apron before him. After considerable waiting, they at length sat down to table. The composer himself was the waiter, but it is impossible to picture the dismay of the visitors and the horrors of that meal. A soup not unlike the famous black porridge of the Spartans, in which floated some shapeless and nondescript substances, a piece of boiled beef as tough as shoe-leather, half-cooked vegetables, a roast joint burnt to a cinder, and pudding like a lump of soapstone swimming in train oil. The guests were unable to swallow a morsel; Beethoven alone ate with a vigorous appetite, praised every dish, and declared that the whole thing was excellent. When they got into the street two hours afterwards with empty stomachs, his friends gave vent to their hilarity, and never, we may be sure, did they forget that musical dinner.

Of the absolutely comic in Beethoven's music—like the real live donkey that Mr. Haweis, with a curious scent for affinities, finds in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—there is very little. Even the sedate Sebastian Bach wrote what are known as "Comic Cantatas"; Mozart imitated the village musicians of his day in a Toy Symphony; and Haydn could "surprise" the old ladies with a crashing chord just as the *pianissimo* had lulled them to sleep. Beethoven is seldom so pronounced with his musical fun, though undoubtedly there is humour lurking about in some of his compositions. In the finale of the Seventh and Eight Symphonies there are, as Sir George Grove has pointed out, passages which are the exact counterparts of the rough jokes and horse-play in which he sometimes indulged with his friends. In these we almost hear his loud rollicking laughter. The Scherzo of Symphony No. 2, where the F sharp chord is so suddenly taken and so forcibly held, might almost be a picture of the unfortunate waiter who had served him wrongly,



getting the dish of stew poured over his head while he struggled to free himself from the irate composer. The bassoons in the opening and closing movements of No. 8 are imitatively humorous, and so in many other instances that might be named if one had space.

Space! Yes, it is more than exhausted already, and we are like Himmel with his improvisation—we have hardly begun in earnest. Yet these jottings may serve to show off the lighter side of a life that had assuredly but too little reason to be bright. That the deaf Beethoven—living his lonely life, worried by pecuniary and domestic difficulties, and only scantily appreciated by the musical public of his day—that he should have had even an occasional gleam of humour and not been uniformly taciturn and morose is a cheering thought which we should never forget in recalling his darkened existence. It was indeed a "rough husk" that held his genius, but the inner man was all right in its human qualities, and we love our Beethoven none the less, but all the more, that he now and again stepped down from his dignity and enjoyed himself like other men.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

## Beethoven as a Humorist.

It would seem to be asking too much of human nature to expect that either a deaf musician or a blind painter should so far rise superior to the almost intolerable misery of his lot as to show any consciousness of the comedy of life. Yet it is a well-known fact that the humour which has been defined as the union of wit and love, and which is the twin brother of melancholy, is almost invariably the birthright of genius. The gods of art have been distinguished by that Homeric playfulness without which the salt of life loses all its savour. Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner, were all possessed of the saving gift of humour, and even the tragedy, or one might say, the accumulated tragedies of Beethoven's life, had not the power to blunt his sarcasm, or to put to silence his ready, and sometimes cruel wit. Born, as he himself says, with a lively, ardent disposition, and with a natural taste for social amusements, he was in great measure cut off from the companionship of his fellow-creatures, and from the pleasures of conversation. Yet, thanks to his indomitable spirit, and to the magnetic personality which attracted to him so many friends and admirers, Beethoven had his periods of recreation and relaxation, and even so far forgot his mental sufferings as to indulge in the most boyish of horse-play and practical jokes.

At a very early age the young Ludwig gave evidence of a sense of humour by a trick he played upon one of his colleagues at the chapel of the Elector Max Franz. Beethoven, though only fifteen, had been appointed organist to the chapel. Schindler tells us that one of the singers, Heller by name, was boasting of his professional cleverness, when the boy-organist told him that he would engage that very day to put him out without his being aware of it, yet so effectually that he should not be able to proceed. "Heller, who considered this an absolute impossibility, laid a wager accordingly with Beethoven. The latter, when he came to a passage that suited his purpose, led the singer, by an adroit modulation, out of the prevailing mode into one having no affinity with it; still, however, adhering to the tonic of the former key; so that the

singer, unable to find his way in this strange region, was brought to a dead stand. Exasperated by the laughter of those around him, Heller complained of Beethoven to the Elector, who, to use Beethoven's expression, 'gave him a most gracious reprimand, and bade him not play any more such clever tricks.'

In later life the master, though he keenly enjoyed the jokes that he played upon his acquaintances, and the sarcasms that he levelled at the heads of his enemies, was, as a rule, wholly unable to understand or appreciate even the most innocent piece of humour of which he himself was the object. One quite unintentional and unprepared piece of comedy, however, serious as might have been its consequences, seems for once to have touched his sense of the ridiculous. On arriving at Döhling in the spring of 1821, and beginning to arrange his manuscripts, he discovered that the score of the Kyrie of his grand Mass was missing. "All search for it proved vain, and Beethoven was irritated to the highest degree at the loss, which was irreparable; when lo! several days afterwards the whole Kyrie was found, but in what condition! The large sheets, which looked just like wastepaper, seemed to the old housekeeper the very thing for wrapping up boots, shoes, and kitchen utensils, for which purpose she had torn most of them in half. When Beethoven saw the treatment to which this production of his genius had been subjected, he could not refrain from laughing at the droll scene, after a short gust of passion, and after the sheets had been cleaned from all the soils contracted in such unseemly company."

The practical joke played by Beethoven upon a certain lady admirer of his, shows that he did not always evince the best of taste in the exercise of his humour. The lady in question was very anxious to possess a lock of Beethoven's hair. A common friend undertook to approach the master on the subject, but proved himself unworthy of his mission, for he persuaded Beethoven to send a lock of hair cut from a goat's beard. At first the lady was overjoyed at possessing this treasure, but, unfortunately, the secret soon leaked out. The lady's husband wrote a letter of expostulation to Beethoven, who, conscious of his offence, at once cut off a lock of his own hair, and enclosed it in a note, in which he requested the lady's forgiveness for what had occurred.

The following anecdote shows Beethoven's inability to enjoy or even perceive a joke at his own expense. Beethoven and Himmel were together on one occasion, when the latter, at Beethoven's request, sat down to extemporize. After Himmel had played for some time, Beethoven suddenly exclaimed, "Well, when are you going to begin in good earnest?" Himmel, who had no mean opinion of his own performance, naturally started up in a rage; but Beethoven only added to his offence by remarking to those present, "I thought Himmel had just been preluding." In revenge for this insult, Himmel shortly after played Beethoven a trick. The latter always wanted to have the last news from Berlin, and Himmel took advantage of this curiosity to write to him: "The latest piece of news is the invention of a lantern for the blind." Beethoven was completely taken in by the childish joke, repeated it to his acquaintances, and wrote to Himmel to demand full particulars of this remarkable invention. The answer received was such as to bring both the correspondence and the friendship to a close.

Beethoven's custom of throwing dishes at the heads of servants who happened to displease him may have had its comic aspect for the onlookers, but probably to the objects of his wrath the joke was less obvious. On one occa-

sion when he was dining at the Swan, says Wegeler, the waiter brought him a wrong dish. Beethoven had no sooner uttered a few words of reproof (to which the other retorted in no very polite fashion) than he took the dish of stewed beef and gravy, and threw it at the waiter's head. Those who know the custom of Viennese waiters, of carrying numberless plates full of different viands, will conceive the distress of the poor man, who could not move his arms, while the gravy trickled down his face. Both he and Beethoven swore and shouted, while the rest of the party roared with laughter. At last Beethoven himself joined in the laughter at the sight of the waiter, who was hindered from uttering any more invectives by the streams of gravy that found their way into his mouth.

Beethoven's troubles with his servants and his housekeeping, though real enough, were often the peg on which he hung his jokes. Writing to Holz a note of invitation to dinner, he says: "Friday is the only day on which the old witch, who certainly would have burned two hundred years ago, can cook decently, because on that day the devil has no power over her." After reading of such incidents we are not surprised that Rochlitz should have described the impression he received from Beethoven as that of a very able man, reared on a desert island, and suddenly brought fresh into the world.

A very innocent little joke played by Prince Lichnowsky and Wegeler upon Beethoven quite failed to touch the master's sense of humour, and brought poor Wegeler into his illustrious friend's black books for a considerable period. On the first occasion that Beethoven played his "Andante" in F major to Wegeler, the latter was so delighted with it, that, by dint of begging, he induced the composer to play it over again. "On my return home," relates Wegeler, "as I passed Prince Lichnowsky's door, I went in to tell him of Beethoven's beautiful new composition, and was compelled to play the piece as far as I could remember it. As I went on I remembered more and more of it, so that the Prince made me try the whole over again. By this means he too learnt part of it, and thinking to afford Beethoven a surprise, he walked into his room the next day, saying: 'I have composed something which is not bad.' Beethoven declared he would not hear it; but in spite of this the Prince sat down and played the greater part of the 'Andante,' to the amazement of the composer. He was so incensed at this that he vowed he never would play to me again; no, nor even in my presence, and often required me to leave the room on that account."

Schindler tells us that though Beethoven's smile was agreeable, his laugh was otherwise. It was too loud, and distorted his intelligent and strongly-marked features. "When he laughed, his large head seemed to grow larger, his face became broader, and he might not inaptly have been likened to a grinning ape; but fortunately his fits of laughter were of very transient duration." On the other hand, when he smiled, we are told, people believed not only in him, but in humanity. Occasionally there would blossom on his lips a smile, which those who saw it could find no other word to describe but "heavenly."

In his last hours Beethoven's grim sense of humour did not desert him. When, shortly before his death, he had to undergo the operation of "tapping," he remarked to the doctor, "Better water from the body than from the pen." Two days before his death, Schindler, who was with him to the last, wrote to a friend: "He feels that his end is near, for yesterday he said to Breuning and me: 'Clap your hands, friends; the play is over.' He advances towards death with really Socratic wisdom and unexampled equanimity."



## Beethoven and the Fair

Sex.

**W**HAT an interesting chapter might be written about musicians and matrimony, or, at any rate, about musicians and maidens! Think of Haydn and the hairdresser's daughter, who gave so little consideration to the composer that she did not care a straw whether he was an artist or a shoemaker. Think of Wagner with his Mina Planer, "pretty as a picture," but impossible to live with. Think of Mozart, who married because he wanted someone to look after his linen, because he could not live like the fast young men around him, and—a minor consideration this—because he was in love. Think of Sebastian Bach, who found matrimony so much to his liking that he embarked for a second time on its troublous seas, and, in a family of all but two dozen, left a practical proof to the world that marriage, the cynics notwithstanding, may be made a success after all. Think of Schumann's few short years of wedded love ending so tragically; and again think of Mendelssohn, who went wild with delight when his Cecile said "Yes," and in her found a sweet and lovable companion for the rest of his days. Think of Berlioz and Harriet Smithson, "the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart calls to," praying that he might "rest in her arms one autumn evening, rocked by the north wind, and sleeping my last sleep." Harriet, like Cecile, said "Yes" when she got the chance, but the unhappy composer afterwards found that he did not want to rest for long in these same arms either on an autumn evening or at any other time, and Madame Berlioz was left to look for other embraces. Think of Chopin and George Sand—but no! we will not think of that tangled bit of romance to-day. Let us think rather of Beethoven, and of his relations with the fair sex, as being enough for one chapter of detail regarding this interesting question.

Beethoven stands with Handel in being the only really great creative musical genius who never married. The earlier master is, indeed, said to have been "engaged" more than once, though he does not, on the whole, seem to have been what the young ladies would call really "engaging." The first time it was to a certain Vittoria Tesi, a lady whom he met in Italy; afterwards he would probably have married an Englishwoman had not the mother rudely objected to the proposed union; and, lastly, he had to give up a lady of large fortune because she demanded that he should give up his art. Beethoven never seems to have got so far as this; but, on the other hand, he appears to have had many more transitory fancies for the fair ones than Handel had. Like all men of powerful imagination and keen, though perhaps not delicate sensibility, he was strongly attracted towards the softer sex; and had it not been for the physical malady that embittered his existence, there is little doubt he would have become one of the great army of benedicts. Occasionally, as it was, his affections seem to have been seriously engaged, but on this point one cannot be quite certain, so much having been imagined and invented by the biographers.

He began early enough, at any rate. In the diary of his friend Wegeler there is an interesting little story which shows that he had his experience of "calf-love" just as more common mortals have generally had. He was but a boy newly entered on his teens, yet what boy would

not have been affected by that "pretty blonde with long fair curls and bright-blue eyes," casting ever and again their meaning glances towards him? There are good grounds for believing that Eve was a blonde with blue eyes; and, remembering Adam, one can understand how the pretty Jeanette von Honrath should cause a flutter in certain boyish bosoms at Bonn. From the time that the fair curls fell on the leaves of the music-book before him as he accompanied the little lady on the piano, Beethoven was a delighted slave. Wegeler waxes eloquent over the affair. "Poor lad!" he exclaims. "Poor lad! exposed for the first time to the fire of these innocent feminine coquetries, he turned hot and cold, and the light breath that played through his hair infused a new life into his whole being." But unfortunately the new life did not last long. There was a rival in the case, and, on the principle that all is fair in love and war, the said rival contrived to make a fool of the young composer before the adorable Jeanette, and the curtain falls upon the little romance to the strains of an *Allegro con brio* which has not yet been put on paper.

We hear nothing further of Beethoven's loves until he arrives at years of discretion—if, in fact, the man who falls in love can ever be called discreet. Then it is an *appassionata* indeed. Those three famous love-letters found in the secret drawer of the composer's desk after his death have excited, perhaps, as much controversy as anything of the kind in literature, and the fires are still burning. There is the question of their exact date, for they bear no year themselves, and the further question as to whom they were addressed. Schindler thinks the year was 1803, and the Countess Guicciardi is generally supposed to have been the recipient of the letters. Thayer has, however, somewhat upset both these conclusions, and we are left with only the ascertained facts that the Countess was a pupil of the master, that he was deeply in love with her and believed his passion to be returned, that he dedicated one of his sonatas to her, and that she became the wife of a Count Gallenberg. It really does not matter very much to whom the letters were addressed: they are evidently a genuine confession of love, and are interesting less for their object than for their origin. Two of them, at least, are gushing enough to please even the most exacting *in-amorata*; indeed, one is so rhapsodical that the prosaic mind has some difficulty in making anything like sense out of it. "My angel! my all! my second self!"—so the composer begins the first *billet-doux*, evidently without thoughts of a future breach of promise case. We can understand the invocation, but what is to be made of this: "Why this deep grief which necessity compels? Can our love exist without sacrifices, and by refraining from desiring all things? Can you alter the fact that you are not wholly mine, nor I wholly yours?"

"Ah! contemplate the beauties of nature, and reconcile your spirit to the inevitable. Love demands all, and has a right to do so; and thus it is that I feel towards you and you towards me; but you do not sufficiently remember that I must live both for you and myself. Were we wholly united you would feel this sorrow as little as I should." After some talk about the troubles of a "terrible journey," Beethoven proceeds: "We shall, I trust, soon meet again; to-day I cannot impart to you all the reflections I have made during the last few days on my life; were our hearts closely united for ever, none of these would occur to me. My heart is overflowing with all I have to say to you. Ah! there are moments when I find that speech is actually nothing. Take courage! Continue to be ever my true and only love, my all as I am yours.

The gods must ordain what is further to be, and shall be."

Here are both love and philosophy combined in one effort. If we may read between the lines, the lady had been complaining that absence had but made the heart grow fonder—and not of someone else either. Beethoven tries to comfort her, and he does it like a genius. Instead of sending her honeyed words and protestations of endearment, he reminds her that he has himself to consider as well as her, and bids her walk in the fields and learn contentment from a contemplation of Nature. Ah, no, Beethoven! this semi-pagan philosophy will not do for those whose hearts have been smitten, and who know but by this very letter you may have estranged the affections of the lady you had hoped to win? But let us hear you further. In the second letter, in which he confesses to tears while thinking that the loved one must wait five days for intelligence, he writes: "Ah! where I am there you are ever with me. How earnestly shall I strive to pass my life with you, and what a life will it be! However dearly you may love me, I love you more fondly still. Never conceal your feelings from me. . . . Oh, heavens! so near and yet so far. Is not our love a truly celestial mansion, firm as the vault of heaven itself?" This is better, but it is still a good long way behind the letter which follows: "Immortal beloved!" he says, "I must live either wholly with you or not at all. Indeed, I have resolved to wander far from you till the moment arrives when I can fly into your arms and feel that they are my home, and send forth my soul in unison with yours into the realm of spirits. You will take courage, for you know my fidelity. Never can another possess my heart—never, never! Oh, heavens! why must I fly from her I so fondly love? . . . Continue to love me. Yesterday, to-day, what longings for you! What tears for you! for you, for you! my life, my all! Farewell! Oh, love me for ever, and never doubt the faithful heart of a lover. Ever thine; ever mine! Ever each other's!" This for a man of more than forty is exquisite. Love makes such fools of us all, especially when the old letters are brought out, perhaps to be read to a prosaic jury. But, after all, there is a tenderly pathetic interest about these famous letters of the great master. The public of his day declared him to be morose and misanthropical; but here, under the rough exterior, we have a heart showing itself open to the tenderest feelings of affection. That the object of this ardent devotion should have remained so completely a mystery is exceedingly curious; but we have at least to thank the Fates for preserving to us so unmistakable an evidence of the passion that lay in the strange nature of the great tone-poet.

Coming to the little affair of Bettina Bretano, which evidently followed the above episode, we get into clearer water. This lady, who occupied a high position in the literary and artistic world of Germany, had already captivated Goethe; and although Beethoven, as we have seen, was now over forty, the pair became mutually attached as soon as they met. In one letter the composer waxes quite poetic over his capture. "Never," he says, "was there a lovelier spring than this year; I say so and feel it too, because it was then I first knew you. You have yourself seen that in society I am like a fish on the sand, which writhes and writhes but cannot get away, till some benevolent Galatea casts it back into the mighty ocean. I was indeed fairly stranded by you at a moment in which moroseness had entirely mastered me, but how quickly it vanished at your aspect! I was at once conscious that you came from another sphere than this absurd world, where, with the best inclinations, I cannot open my ears."



The letter wanders on in a loving undertone, and closes with: "I send you 'Kennst Du das Land,' written with my own hand, as a remembrance of the hour when I first knew you; I send you also another that I composed, since I bade you farewell, my dearest, fairest sweetheart." Alas! marriage, like hanging, as the Ettrick Shepherd used to say, goes by destiny. The "fairest sweetheart" had already become the sweetheart of another, and soon Beethoven knew that his correspondent was to change her name for that of Von Arnim. He seems to have taken it rather to heart at first. True, he has courage to write and wish the lady every happiness, but he bids her at the same time compassionate his fate, metaphorically imprints "a sorrowful kiss" on her forehead, and writes his farewell with tears. And yet not a *last* farewell. After the lady has become Frau von Arnim he writes again, and in language such as husbands do not usually care to see coming from old admirers of their wives. "Spirits may love one another," he says, "and I shall ever woo yours." He tells her what beautiful themes her eyes had given rise to in his imagination—"themes which shall yet enchant the world when Beethoven no longer directs"; and he ends in a way that must have filled the heart of his correspondent with compassion for the lonely master: "Adieu, adieu, dear one; your letter lay all night near my heart and cheered me. Musicians permit themselves great license. *Heavens, how I love you!*" It is sad to think that what *might* have been was thus defeated a second time.

In his letters and in the records of his further career we get several glimpses of successors to these two great objects of the master's affections. He seems to have still thought seriously of matrimony, for we find him exclaiming, "O God, let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue." But nothing very notable ever came of any of his flirtations, perhaps because the majority of his attachments were for women of rank, who would naturally prefer wealth and unruffled ease to genius with poverty and plain living. The reigning beauties of Vienna certainly adored him in spite of his tempers and occasional rudeness towards them, and there is plenty of evidence that he could make himself agreeable to his fair admirers when it pleased his humour. We hear, indeed, of him tearing up their music and throwing it about the room, using the candle-snuffers as a toothpick, and doing other things permitted only to genius. But this does not appear to have made much difference to the ladies who, if they did not return his attentions, at any rate suffered them. They were continually making him presents, and he was as continually being asked for tokens of friendship if not of a stronger feeling. The dedications of his sonatas perpetuate his attachments, and his letters also remain as an evidence of his intimate, nay affectionate, style of writing to not a few of the gentler sex. It is a pleasing side of his character that we have thus revealed to us, and while there is nothing very noble in his attachments there is also nothing that is not thoroughly honourable.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

I HEAR with regret that Mr. Henseler, a professor of pianoforte-playing in the London Academy of Music, has just died. Mr. Henseler was a brilliant player, his method being based on that of Thalberg and the virtuosi of forty years ago, rather than on the later schools of Liszt or Bülow. Still, he was an excellent teacher, and turned out several notable pupils. Mr. John F. Runciman has, I understand, been appointed to the vacant post.

## Music in Glasgow.

THE last half of November has been prolific in concerts, the most important being Boosey and Co.'s Ballad Concert Party in St. Andrew's Hall on November 17, the artistes being Mesdames Clara Samuel, Mary Davies, and Antoinette Sterling, and Messrs. Durward Lely and Barrington Foote; the instrumentalists being Señor Albeniz, as pianist, and Mr. Sydney Naylor, as accompanist. The audience was fairly large, and each individual artist had to respond to the usual encores, which made the programme rather long. The following night we had the second of Messrs. Harrison's Subscription Concerts, comprising Misses Macintyre and Brema, and Messrs. Plunket Greene and Ben Davies; Mademoiselle Yrrac and Master Gerardy at the violin and violoncello respectively. Space will not permit to go into details; the hall was crowded, and each singer and player was repeatedly recalled, and, as was the case on the preceding evening, the programme was unduly prolonged.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave a vocal recital in the Queen's Rooms on the 30th, to a moderate audience. It is needless to say that everything in the programme was performed in the most artistic manner. Although Mr. Henschel may not at all times be exactly pleasing, still the fervour and style of his singing always commands attention. His singing of the "Erl King" (Loewe) was very fine; Mrs. Henschel's sympathetic voice was heard to advantage in a song of Handel's and a composition of her husband's.

The Amateur Orchestral Society, under Mr. T. W. Hoeck, gave their first concert in the Queen's Rooms on December 1. Their most ambitious efforts were Haydn's Symphony No. 9 in D, and Beethoven's "Prometheus." It is gratifying to find that this society are making good progress; their playing stands comparison in some respects with what we hear now weekly.

We are now in the full swing of the Choral Union Choral-Orchestral Concerts.

On December 6, in St. Andrew's Hall, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed before a brilliant audience, the artistes being Misses Anna Williams and Rankin, and Messrs. Newbury and Ludwig, who were all highly satisfactory, Miss Williams being particularly effective in the declamatory music of the widow. The chorus took up the numerous points intelligently, and reflected credit on Mr. Jos. Bradley, who conducted.

On Saturday the 10th, Mr. Manns made his first appearance with the orchestra, and received an ovation on taking up the baton. The principal new members of the band are Mr. Elkan Kosman, leader, Mr. W. H. Squire leading cello. The principal features on the programme were Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, and Concerto for violin, Wieniawski, in which Mr. Kosman showed a purity of intonation and style which pleased a large audience; his further efforts in fugitive pieces maintained his reputation. His tone may not be as broad as what we have been accustomed to, but his sympathetic quality fully makes up for any want in this respect. Mr. Braxton Smith was vocalist.

On Tuesday, 13th, the concert was well attended, the attractions being M. V. Pachmann and Mr. Cliffe's new symphony, conducted by the composer, which was well received by the audience. The impression produced at Leeds was indorsed here, and shows that this young musician has originality which will still yet more fully blossom forth. M. Pachmann played Beethoven's Concerto in C minor in a brilliant if not solid manner, but was heard to more advantage in Chopin's music, for which he had to submit to two recalls, which he good-humouredly gave. The concert finished with the overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

The event which has engrossed the attention of our local musicians, professional and amateur, more so than any of the foregoing events, has been the Fancy Dress Ball given by the Glasgow Society of Musicians in St. Andrew's Hall on Friday evening, December 9. It was a great success, and the Benevolent Fund is expected to gain to the extent of £1,300, which will enable the Society to lend a helping hand to deserving objects.

The ball proceedings were varied by a series of tableaux vivants representing Palastina playing his Mass before Pope Marcellus, the Bach family, Mozart and his sister playing before the Austrian Court, Beethoven conducting his Quintet in E flat. Appropriate music was sung and played at each respective scene.

A commemorative album is being published, containing fourteen songs by local musicians, and illustrations by local artists, the whole being very handsomely set out.

## Music in Manchester.

DVORAK'S "Spectre's Bride" and Gounod's "Messe Solennelle de Ste. Cécile" were given on November 17, by Sir Chas. Hallé, the broad and flowing harmonies of the latter work being in striking and agreeable contrast to the former. The principals were Miss Anna Williams, Messrs. Ed. Lloyd and A. Black. On November 24, Lady Hallé played Dvorak's Concerto in A minor (Op. 53) for the first time, in her usual unsurpassable manner, the skill with which she overcame the intricacies of the composition and revealed its wealth of melody evoking the warmest admiration. The band selections included Haydn's Symphony in B flat and the ballet music from Goldmark's "Konigin Von Saba." The third movement of the latter had a curious humming effect, produced by the second violins, descriptive of a bee's dance, which was much appreciated. Mrs. Eaton, a new American soprano, sang the very exciting airs "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (Oberon) and "Casta Diva." At the following concert, the chief item was the "Emperor" Concerto for piano, Beethoven's No. 5 in E flat, played by Sir Chas. Hallé. That this is a great favourite of his is evidenced by the fact that he has played it on sixteen previous occasions here, but never to greater effect. The symphony was Raff's in F, "In the Forest." Miss Palliser was the vocalist.

On the 8th ultimo, the third act of "Tannhäuser" and the third act of "Lohengrin" were given, with Mademoiselle Füllinger, Madame Haworth, Messrs. Lloyd and Black as principals. The orchestral and choral effects, trying as they are, were given with splendid effect, and nothing could be finer than the rendering of the "Bridal" and "Pageant" marches from "Lohengrin," whilst for the solo music, Mr. Lloyd's singing was a truly wonderful performance, and amply justified his claim to be regarded as our foremost tenor.

On the 15th ultimo Herr Mühlfeld, the famous clarinet-player from Meiningen, appeared with great success. Mdlle. Landi made her second appearance this season, and confirmed the favourable impression formed on her first visit by her refined and tasteful singing. She received a well-merited encore for her rendering of Gounod's charming melody, "La Biondina," and repeated the air. The orchestra distinguished itself by a magnificent performance of Beethoven's Symphony in D major, No. 2, other selections being Sterndale Bennett's Overture, "The Wood Nymphs" and Cherubini's Concert-overture in G.

Perhaps the most interesting event at Mr. Barrett's concerts lately has been the appearance of Mdlle. Witroviets, whose brilliant playing of Mendelssohn's Concerto for the violin, Op. 64, produced a marked impression on November 12, and Mr. Barrett is to be congratulated on having been the means of introducing her to Manchester. Her brilliant execution places her in the front rank of her profession, and she has a most promising future in store. The following concert was signalled by the appearance of Miss Ella Russell, the Carl Rosa prima donna, and the excellent part-singing of the Huddersfield Glee and Madrigal Society. On the 26th the programme was provided by Miss Macintyre's concert-party, including Messrs. B. Davies and Plunket Greene, Misses M. Brema and Yrrac, with Messrs. Fred Dawson and Jean Gerardy. With such a strong list of attractions, no wonder that the hall was crowded. Mdlle. Szumowska appeared on the 3rd ultimo, her selections being Liszt's "Campanella" and 13th Rhapsodie, her rendering of the latter being heartily applauded.



## The Harmonious Blacksmith.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF HANDEL.

### CHAPTER XII.

UPON Mary's recovering from the swoon she had been in, she found herself stretched on a miserable bed in a dirty, close-smelling room. Beside her sat the young woman we have seen opening the door, who had evidently been using such appliances as her limited knowledge and means afforded to bring Mary back to consciousness. Although her appearance was anything but inviting, still, it was some relief to Mary's mind to find it was one of her own sex beside her. Seeing Mary had come to herself, the girl rose, and saying, "I must let him know you are all right again," was preparing to leave the room, when Mary, springing from the bed, fell on her knees, and, clasping the woman's gown, besought her to tell her where she was, why she was brought there, and to whom she referred when she spoke of telling "him" that she had recovered.

"Don't be frightened," replied the girl; "it is only Jem Ashworth, a lover of yours, who, finding you a little shy, has taken these means to secure you for himself." Thus saying, with a laugh that made Mary shudder, she freed herself from Mary's grasp and left the room.

After the lapse of about an hour, during which time the house had been very quiet, Mary ventured to open the door of the room in which she was confined. She then began cautiously to descend the stairs, when just as she was half-way down the door of the parlour opened, and the girl Mary had first seen came out.

"It's of no use trying that game," said she; "you had better return to your room. Though you may think I am alone in the house, I have but to raise my voice, and there will soon be plenty of help to put you in your cage again."

Mary still hesitated as to whether she should attempt her escape in spite of what the girl said, when she saw her raise a small whistle to her lips, and Mary felt that what she had threatened she could too surely perform. Mary then, with an aching heart, retraced her steps, and sank almost broken-hearted on the bed. Presently the girl came up with some refreshment, which Mary, fearful of giving offence, and anxious to conciliate the girl's better feelings, tried to partake of, but she turned away with loathing from the food.

The girl, after pressing Mary to try and eat a little, finding her entreaties of no avail, began to ask her some questions as to how she had become acquainted with Jem Ashworth, and what she had done to cause such an act as kidnapping her and bringing her to the house. Mary then gave a brief history of her life. She described her father, and spoke of his love and affection for her; her happy home, and the commencement of her acquaintance with the celebrated musician at the grand-ducal mansion; his kindness in teaching her to sing; her coming to London still further to improve herself; her first and successful appearance at Marylebone Gardens; her walking home, happy in the company of the man she loved, and her capture by Jem and his companion. She touched lightly on her refusal the year before to become the wife of Jem Ashworth, fearful that what she said to the girl might be repeated, and only increase the man's anger.

During Mary's simple recital, the pathos of which was enhanced by her sweet, sad voice, the girl became visibly agitated. Something in the description of Mary's father and her home touched a responsive chord in her memory. Gradually her head sank on Mary's shoulder, and tears rose unbidden to her eyes. Mary's kind heart was touched. She felt she had a sister, though a fallen one, before her. She stroked and smoothed the tangled hair that fell upon her neck, and said gently to her:

"Now, tell me, how is it you are here with such sad company? Cannot you aid me to escape and fly yourself? I have friends, powerful friends, who will reward you, and shield you from any consequences you may fear through helping me."

For some moments the girl was silent; then, raising her head from where it had been reclining, she exclaimed with a tone of fierce determination:

"I will do it! It's little I've received from Master Jem but blows. Besides, I overheard Dick say he was half sorry he had gone partners with Jem in nabbing you, as he found from Jem's boasting that you have some grand friends who would bring the beaks upon them. Therefore, if I let you go, I shall have Dick to protect me if Master Jem should swagger a bit. God knows it is little good I've done in my lifetime."

"Heaven will reward you," cried Mary, her heart bounding with renewed hope; "but why stay to meet ill usage, as you seem to fear? Why not fly with me?"

"No, no," replied the girl, "I must stay. You must not attempt to stir till the men return. After one of the expeditions such as they are now on they will be sure to drink deep. While they are thus engaged you can slip out of the house. Were you to attempt to fly now, you might meet them in the street, for I do not know when they will return."

Mary, finding it useless to attempt to change the girl's plan, and fearful of offending her, was forced to acquiesce in this arrangement. Wearily passed the hours. It was about five in the morning when the signal was given at the casement. The girl, leaving Mary, descended the stairs and opened the door. Whatever the men had been about it was evident from their looks that they had succeeded. They entered the parlour and ordered Kate, for so one of the men called the girl, to bring brandy and glasses. Having executed their orders the girl went upstairs to Mary's room. She rapidly divested Mary of her upper garment, instead of which she dressed her in one of her own, tied up her hair, which had fallen over her shoulders, and gave her a gaudy handkerchief to fasten over her head. They were both busily making this change, when Kate's quick ear detected a man's step stealing up the stairs. Hastily telling Mary to lie down on the bed, she covered her over with some of the clothes. She had barely finished, when the door opened quietly and Jem Ashworth looked in. The girl put her fingers to her lips and made an action as if to express Mary was asleep, and the man, with a satisfied look, withdrew. The two women waited anxiously for some time longer, till at last the sound of a man's voice singing, and the noise of glasses jingling on the table while the others beat time with their hands, seemed to offer the necessary opportunity. Descending the stairs together, and stepping at the same time, Mary passed the door where the men were singing and drinking, and, lifting the latch, passed into the street. Kate looked for a moment wistfully at the flying figure, and then, turning with a deep sigh back into the house, ascended the stairs, and sat down in the room which Mary had so lately occupied.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE girl listened attentively for some minutes, but the sound of voices and the clinking of glasses betokened that at present all was safe. She then began to examine the dress Mary had left behind, and a trinket which Mary had begged her to keep for her sake. After a time, she had a fancy to try the dress on, as the two women were nearly alike in size and height. Heaven knows what thoughts the cleanly, neat costume put into her head; but a strange softness came over her. The scenes of her early childish life seemed once more to come before her. Little scraps of poetry she had learnt when a child came back to her memory, after being forgotten for years. Then the little prayers she had said when kneeling at her mother's feet.

She sat down on the bed, tears a second time welling up from her heart. At length, wearied with her long watching, and overpowered with the new sensations produced in her mind by the adventure of Mary's coming and her flight, the poor outcast sank into a dreamless sleep.

How long she had slept she did not know, but she was awakened by a rude hand pulling her from the bed, and a voice, rendered almost inaudible by passion and drink, demanding, with fearful oaths, what had

become of Mary, and why she was dressed in her clothes.

Up to this time the girl seemed unaccountably not to have realized to the full the dangerous position she had placed herself in by conniving at Mary's escape. There was something so deadly in the look of anger in Jem's countenance, however, that, although used to see the man's face disfigured by passion and drink, she shrank from him with fear.

"What have I done with your pretty bird?" answered Kate, trying to hide the fear that had come over her. "Why, let it loose! I thought it a pity to have it caged here."

"Devil!" exclaimed the infuriated man, and, drawing a knife from his belt, he plunged it into her breast.

With a piercing shriek she fell upon the bed.

The cry attracted the attention of the man Kate had called Dick, who quickly entered the room, and seeing the blood flowing from the wounded figure on the bed, and being unaware of Mary's escape, thought Jem had murdered his unfortunate victim.

"What did you this for, you red-handed villain?"

"Because she has let Mary escape."

"Mary escape!" almost screamed the other. "And who, then, is this?" Then, turning the girl's face over, he cried: "What, murder my Kate! Villain, you shall pay for this!"

The men were about to close in deadly conflict, when a loud noise in the street attracted their attention. The street door was violently opened, a rush of footsteps up the stairs, and Handel and Croche, with several officers of justice, were in the room.

The two men seemed cowed in an instant, and suffered themselves to be handcuffed without making any show of resistance. Meanwhile, with a feeling of horror scarcely endurable, the two musicians advanced to the bed, on which lay the inanimate form of what both thought, by the dress they knew so well, was their young friend Mary. The morning light was streaming through the broken shutters and cracked windows of the room, and cast a pale, sickly light upon the figure. But their astonishment was unbounded when they discovered in the pallid features of the dead girl the lineaments of a stranger. A few words from the man we know as Dick explained that Mary had escaped, that the girl lying there had assisted her—had put on the dress Mary had left behind—and had been murdered by the man standing there (pointing to Jem) for having balked him of his prey. What, then, had become of Mary?

The constables having placed their prisoners in a coach, which was ordered to be driven to Bow Street, Handel and Croche having promised to attend before the magistrate and give their evidence of the facts, the two latter returned to Mr. Croche's house.

During their walk they naturally turned their conversation on Mary's flight, and anxiously scanned each female figure they passed. Upon their arrival at Mr. Croche's home they were unspeakably relieved to find that Mary had already arrived.

Mrs. Croche told them that, hearing a knock at the door, she was astonished on opening it when a female rushed in, and, clasping her in her arms, exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God!" and burst into a violent paroxysm of weeping. Mrs. Croche instantly recognised the voice of Mary, for she had been utterly at a loss to conceive who it was that had entered the house thus hurriedly. After leading the poor girl into the parlour, and, with a woman's instinct, soothing her agitated mind with kind endearments and gentle words, she had at last gleaned sufficient from Mary's disjointed narrative to understand that she had changed her dress with some person who had aided her to escape. Fearful that too much questioning on the subject would only agitate her still more, she had assisted her to change her garments, and persuaded her to retire to her bedroom.

Mrs. Croche was then informed by her husband of all the dreadful events that had happened after Mary had escaped. The worthy woman was terribly affected at the recital, and inwardly thanked the Almighty that He had permitted their young friend to be released from the dreadful dangers that had environed her.

By common consent it was thought advisable to keep all this from Mary's knowledge—at any rate,



until she had recovered from the effects of her late excitement.

It may be necessary here to explain to the reader that at the first glimpse of daylight Mr. Croche had hurried to Burlington House, where Handel was staying; and, being very early in his habits, was already walking in the gardens attached to the house, cogitating over the libretto of a new opera, when a servant announced a person who desired immediate speech with him. Upon Mr. Croche being admitted, and explaining in a few hurried words the misfortune that had happened to poor Mary, Handel's quick, clear intellect at once guessed at the author of the outrage; and, hurriedly entering the house, he begged the gentleman who acted as secretary to the Earl to accompany them to Bow Street, and lend his powerful influence in obtaining a quick pursuit of the delinquent. Justice in those days moved all the faster if urged on by a powerful interest. Calling a coach, they drove to the magistrate's office, and, laying the case before him, were naturally asked if they could give any idea who the parties were that had committed the outrage. Handel gave his opinion as to who the prime mover was, and also described his personal characteristics very accurately. Upon hearing this, one of the constables in the room exclaimed: "That's the fellow, your worship, that has been concerned in the robbery we have just received information about."

"If that is the case, Tomkins, you had better take three or four constables with you and proceed at once to arrest him. These gentlemen can, if they please, accompany you, and may, perhaps, be instrumental in rescuing the young lady."

Thanking the worthy magistrate, Handel and Croche started off and arrived as we have before described. It only remains to tell the reader that Mary, after a few days, recovered her usual health and spirits, that her love for Falkner seemed to increase in consequence of what he had suffered in her company, that the two men were subsequently tried and found guilty of murder and highway robbery, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Capital punishment was too much in vogue in the days of which we are writing for any commiseration or surprise to be felt at the sentence being carried out. Mary was deeply affected at hearing of Kate's death, and by her wish the unfortunate girl was decently interred in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields burying-ground. We willingly pass away from this sad scene of crime and misery, and turn to brighter ones.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

On the morning of August 21, 1715, the library of the Earl of Somerton's town-house was tenanted by three persons. The Earl himself leant against the mantelpiece, listening with apparently great interest to some information which a personage named Mr. Rooke was imparting to him; while the third person, an intelligent-looking young man, was seated at the library table, with pen, ink, and paper, taking down the words of the informer. The story, whatever it was, had evidently come to a conclusion, and the Earl was inquiring whether Mr. Wilson, the secretary, had taken everything down, and had been answered in the affirmative, when a knock at the door was heard, and a servant announced his lordship's daughter, the Lady Belinda. As the young lady entered, the Earl advanced and kissed his daughter's cheek; then, turning round, said:

"I will not detain you any longer, Mr. Rooke. My secretary will know where to find you, should we require you; and perhaps you will oblige me, Mr. Wilson, by drawing up, in as succinct a manner as you can, the heads of this new conspiracy, and I will lay the matter before the King."

Upon this hint, making a most profound bow to the lady, Mr. Rooke took his leave. The young lady drew herself up proudly, and seemed as if she thought it a liberty of the man even to take notice of her in any way. To the young secretary, however, she gave a most gracious smile in acknowledgment of the obedience he made in quitting the library.

"And now, my dear child," said the Earl, "to what am I indebted for this early visit?"

"My dear father," answered the young lady, "I hope your State engagements will allow you to devote an

hour to me, for I have a number of questions to ask and favours to beg."

"This all sounds rather formidable, but be seated and proceed."

"Before commencing, may I ask you, my dear father, why you have that horrible man here?"

"What, Mr. Rooke? I am sorry to say, my dear, such men are indispensable at the present moment. The whole air seems impregnated with treason and plots, and it is only by means of such men as Mr. Rooke we can get at the bottom of them. To give the man his due, he is brave, cool-headed, and trustworthy. His knowledge of French is invaluable to us. We all have our special gifts, and I believe this man enjoys ferreting out a plot as much as a cat does watching a mouse-hole."

"Odious creature!" exclaimed Lady Belinda. "It was through this man my poor cousin George was imprisoned so long."

"That is scarcely a fair way of putting it. It was your foolish cousin's own fault that he was mixed up in such a dangerous affair. But suppose Mr. Rooke had not given us such a clear and distinct account of the meeting of these conspirators, suppose he had withheld the speech of your cousin expressing his abhorrence of the idea of assassinating the King, I should never have obtained his release. Was not his Majesty so pleased at the young man's noble disposition that he granted him a pardon, upon his giving his word of honour never to mix himself up again with plots against the Government? Pray, my dear, let us be just to poor Rooke. For myself, I should rejoice if we could do without such men; but while there are conspirators there must be spies. But let us turn from this subject, and let me hear what are the favours you have to beg."

"The first is, my dear father, that you will allow me to reside with you, and be the mistress of your household. I am tired of these visits."

"My dear child," said the Earl, with a tremor in his voice, "I cannot but feel pleased at this mark of your affection. When your mother died and left me with a little child, whom she never had the happiness even to look upon and know, all the channels of the mind and heart, which receive and give back the affections, seemed closed like an ice-bound port. Even the little innocent cause of her death and my bereavement I could not bring myself to look upon, much less love."

"My father!" exclaimed Lady Belinda, tears starting to her eyes.

"But this was not for long. Your little winning ways soon wound themselves round my heart. I have purposely, now you have grown to womanhood, accepted the invitations I received from ladies of your own rank in life for you to spend some of your time with them, thinking a young woman's character is better formed by having some intercourse with the good and noble of her own sex, than by being brought up exclusively in man's society. And, to speak the truth, there are some of my colleagues whom, much as I may agree with them in politics, I should not care about your meeting at my table. Now, my dear child, let me ask you, what do you think of an establishment of your own?"

"An establishment of my own! My dear father," exclaimed the young lady, a slight blush tinging her cheek, "what can you mean?"

"I have here a letter," said the Earl, pointing to one on the table, "from a gentleman whom I respect very much, demanding your hand in marriage. What say you, fair daughter: are you willing to become a wedded wife?"

"My dear father, you surely are jesting," answered Lady Belinda, a vague feeling of alarm pervading her mind. "You have not yet told me the gentleman's name, and I am sure you are too kind, too generous, to force your daughter to marry a man she cannot love."

"Heaven forbid!" replied the Earl. "My union with your sainted mother was one of pure affection and esteem, and I would never wish a child of mine to marry against her inclinations. Misery must almost to a certainty be the result. No, my child, I cannot help surmising from the tenor of the gentleman's letter that he flatters himself he will not be a disagreeable suitor."

"Indeed!" said Lady Belinda, flushing a still

warmer red, and tossing her head rather disdainfully. "And pray, my dear sir, who may this conceited person be, who seems to think that, like a ripe pear, I am ready to fall into his hands so easily?"

"Not to keep you longer in suspense, the gentleman is Sir Harry Mansfield."

"Upon my word!" replied the lady with a perceptible start, and a glittering of the eyes, which betokened the announcement was not very displeasing to her. "Upon my word! and the gentleman has not even told me he loves me."

"I think the better of him for that. It shows his good taste and honourable spirit not to let matters go too far without obtaining the sanction of your only parent. I will not press this subject further now, as I see you are agitated; I have a shrewd idea the gentleman is not displeasing to you. All I will say now is, that Sir Harry comes of a good family, is a clever young fellow, and likely to make a stir in the world some day. I should say he was decidedly good-looking, but that is for you to judge, not for me. If he is agreeable to you, he has my permission to try and gain what I will say—although it may make you still vainer than you are—will be a treasure to him." So saying, the Earl kissed his daughter tenderly, while the tears fell from her eyes as she laid her head on his shoulder. "And now, my dear child, to turn from this agitating subject, tell me how is the great Maestro getting on?"

"It is on that subject I came to speak to you," said Lady Belinda, drying her eyes and smiling at her own weakness, for the young lady was not a sickly sentimental person. "You must know, my dear father, that Mr. Handel is dreadfully grieved at the continued ill-favour of the King. It is now nearly a twelvemonth since his most gracious Majesty arrived in England, and there are no signs of his softening in his anger against his truant Maître de Chapelle. His very intimate friend, Baron Kilmanseck, has suggested a plan to try and regain Mr. Handel's former place in his Majesty's esteem, and, as I am naturally very anxious to know how the scheme will succeed, I want you, my dear father, to lay aside your State cares for one day, and make one of a party in the Earl of Burlington's barge, which will accompany the King and the Royal Family in their trip down the river to-morrow."

"And what may the plan be?" asked the Earl.

"That I have promised to keep secret, even from you, my dear sir. All you have to do is to promise as a good subject to pay your respect to his Majesty by accompanying the procession to-morrow—at *nous verrons*."

"I promise with pleasure, my dear child, and trust the Baron's plan will be successful. The weather promises to be fine, and a row on the river will be invigorating to me, as I have been attending to State matters rather closely lately; so adieu for the present. If I am to be holiday-making to-morrow, I must see everything is in order for my secretary to-day."

Lady Belinda took leave of her father, glad to escape any further questioning about Sir Harry Mansfield.

(To be continued.)

#### Prize Competition.

A PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the Competitor who sends in the names of the twelve men now living who have rendered the greatest services to the cause of music in Great Britain.

Readers who wish to enter this competition must cut out and fill up the coupon given on page 2 of cover, with the twelve names, and send it in envelope marked "Competition," to Editor, MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C., not later than January 7th, 1893.

The result of the competition will be announced in the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, published January 25th, 1893. The prize will be awarded to the competitor whose paper contains the twelve names that the total votes of the competitors declare to have rendered the greatest service to the cause of music in Great Britain.

It is hoped that competitions will be posted to 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., as early as possible. Members of the same family may compete if they like, and anyone may send as many attempts as he or she chooses, provided that each is accompanied by separate coupon.



## The Harmonious Blacksmith.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF HANDEL.

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### CHAPTER XII.

UPON Mary's recovering from the swoon she had been in, she found herself stretched on a miserable bed in a dirty, close-smelling room. Beside her sat the young woman we have seen opening the door, who had evidently been using such appliances as her limited knowledge and means afforded to bring Mary back to consciousness. Although her appearance was anything but inviting, still, it was some relief to Mary's mind to find it was one of her own sex beside her. Seeing Mary had come to herself, the girl rose, and saying, "I must let him know you are all right again," was preparing to leave the room, when Mary, springing from the bed, fell on her knees, and, clasping the woman's gown, besought her to tell her where she was, why she was brought there, and to whom she referred when she spoke of telling "him" that she had recovered.

"Don't be frightened," replied the girl; "it is only Jem Ashworth, a lover of yours, who, finding you a little shy, has taken these means to secure you for himself." Thus saying, with a laugh that made Mary shudder, she freed herself from Mary's grasp and left the room.

After the lapse of about an hour, during which time the house had been very quiet, Mary ventured to open the door of the room in which she was confined. She then began cautiously to descend the stairs, when just as she was half-way down the door of the parlour opened, and the girl Mary had first seen came out.

"It's of no use trying that game," said she; "you had better return to your room. Though you may think I am alone in the house, I have but to raise my voice, and there will soon be plenty of help to put you in your cage again."

Mary still hesitated as to whether she should attempt her escape in spite of what the girl said, when she saw her raise a small whistle to her lips, and Mary felt that what she had threatened she could too surely perform. Mary then, with an aching heart, retraced her steps, and sank almost broken-hearted on the bed. Presently the girl came up with some refreshment, which Mary, fearful of giving offence, and anxious to conciliate the girl's better feelings, tried to partake of, but she turned away with loathing from the food.

The girl, after pressing Mary to try and eat a little, finding her entreaties of no avail, began to ask her some questions as to how she had become acquainted with Jem Ashworth, and what she had done to cause such an act as kidnapping her and bringing her to the house. Mary then gave a brief history of her life. She described her father, and spoke of his love and affection for her; her happy home, and the commencement of her acquaintance with the celebrated musician at the grand-ducal mansion; his kindness in teaching her to sing; her coming to London still further to improve herself; her first and successful appearance at Marylebone Gardens; her walking home, happy in the company of the man she loved, and her capture by Jem and his companion. She touched lightly on her refusal the year before to become the wife of Jem Ashworth, fearful that what she said to the girl might be repeated, and only increase the man's anger.

During Mary's simple recital, the pathos of which was enhanced by her sweet, sad voice, the girl became visibly agitated. Something in the description of Mary's father and her home touched a responsive chord in her memory. Gradually her head sank on Mary's shoulder, and tears rose unbidden to her eyes. Mary's kind heart was touched. She felt she had a sister, though a fallen one, before her. She stroked and smoothed the tangled hair that fell upon her neck, and said gently to her:

"Now, tell me, how is it you are here with such bad company? Cannot you aid me to escape and fly yourself? I have friends, powerful friends, who will reward you, and shield you from any consequences you may fear through helping me."

For some moments the girl was silent; then, raising her head from where it had been reclining, she exclaimed with a tone of fierce determination:

"I will do it! It's little I've received from Master Jem but blows. Besides, I overheard Dick say he was half sorry he had gone partners with Jem in nabbing you, as he found from Jem's boasting that you have some grand friends who would bring the beaks upon them. Therefore, if I let you go, I shall have Dick to protect me if Master Jem should swagger a bit. God knows it is little good I've done in my lifetime."

"Heaven will reward you," cried Mary, her heart bounding with renewed hope; "but why stay to meet ill usage, as you seem to fear? Why not fly with me?"

"No, no," replied the girl, "I must stay. You must not attempt to stir till the men return. After one of the expeditions such as they are now on they will be sure to drink deep. While they are thus engaged you can slip out of the house. Were you to attempt to fly now, you might meet them in the street, for I do not know when they will return."

Mary, finding it useless to attempt to change the girl's plan, and fearful of offending her, was forced to acquiesce in this arrangement. Wearily passed the hours. It was about five in the morning when the signal was given at the casement. The girl, leaving Mary, descended the stairs and opened the door. Whatever the men had been about it was evident from their looks that they had succeeded. They entered the parlour and ordered Kate, for so one of the men called the girl, to bring brandy and glasses. Having executed their orders the girl went upstairs to Mary's room. She rapidly divested Mary of her upper garment, instead of which she dressed her in one of her own, tied up her hair, which had fallen over her shoulders, and gave her a gaudy handkerchief to fasten over her head. They were both busily making this change, when Kate's quick ear detected a man's step stealing up the stairs. Hastily telling Mary to lie down on the bed, she covered her over with some of the clothes. She had barely finished, when the door opened quietly and Jem Ashworth looked in. The girl put her fingers to her lips and made an action as if to express Mary was asleep, and the man, with a satisfied look, withdrew. The two women waited anxiously for some time longer, till at last the sound of a man's voice singing, and the noise of glasses jingling on the table while the others beat time with their hands, seemed to offer the necessary opportunity. Descending the stairs together, and stepping at the same time, Mary passed the door where the men were singing and drinking, and, lifting the latch, passed into the street. Kate looked for a moment wistfully at the flying figure, and then, turning with a deep sigh back into the house, ascended the stairs, and sat down in the room which Mary had so lately occupied.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE girl listened attentively for some minutes, but the sound of voices and the clinking of glasses betokened that at present all was safe. She then began to examine the dress Mary had left behind, and a trinket which Mary had begged her to keep for her sake. After a time, she had a fancy to try the dress on, as the two women were nearly alike in size and height. Heaven knows what thoughts the cleanly, neat costume put into her head; but a strange softness came over her. The scenes of her early childish life seemed once more to come before her. Little scraps of poetry she had learnt when a child came back to her memory, after being forgotten for years. Then the little prayers she had said when kneeling at her mother's feet.

She sat down on the bed, tears a second time welling up from her heart. At length, wearied with her long watching, and overpowered with the new sensations produced in her mind by the adventure of Mary's coming and her flight, the poor outcast sank into a dreamless sleep.

How long she had slept she did not know, but she was awakened by a rude hand pulling her from the bed, and a voice, rendered almost inaudible by passion and drink, demanding, with fearful oaths, what had

become of Mary, and why she was dressed in her clothes.

Up to this time the girl seemed unaccountably not to have realized to the full the dangerous position she had placed herself in by conniving at Mary's escape. There was something so deadly in the look of anger in Jem's countenance, however, that, although used to see the man's face disfigured by passion and drink, she shrank from him with fear.

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"What did you this for, you red-handed villain?"

"Because she has let Mary escape."

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Upon this hint, making a most profound bow to the lady, Mr. Rooke took his leave. The young lady drew herself up proudly, and seemed as if she thought it a liberty of the man even to take notice of her in any way. To the young secretary, however, she gave a most gracious smile in acknowledgment of the obedience he made in quitting the library.

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"My dear child," said the Earl, with a tremor in his voice, "I cannot but feel pleased at this mark of your affection. When your mother died and left me with a little child, whom she never had the happiness even to look upon and know, all the channels of the mind and heart, which receive and give back the affections, seemed closed like an ice-bound port. Even the little innocent cause of her death and my bereavement I could not bring myself to look upon, much less love."

"My father!" exclaimed Lady Belinda, tears starting to her eyes.

"But this was not for long. Your little winning ways soon wound themselves round my heart. I have purposely, now you have grown to womanhood, accepted the invitations I received from ladies of your own rank in life for you to spend some of your time with them, thinking a young woman's character is better formed by having some intercourse with the good and noble of her own sex, than by being brought up exclusively in man's society. And, to speak the truth, there are some of my colleagues whom, much as I may agree with them in politics, I should not care about your meeting at my table. Now, my dear child, let me ask you, what do you think of an establishment of your own?"

"An establishment of my own! My dear father," exclaimed the young lady, a slight blush tinged her cheek, "what can you mean?"

"I have here a letter," said the Earl, pointing to one on the table, "from a gentleman whom I respect very much, demanding your hand in marriage. What say you, fair daughter: are you willing to become a wedded wife?"

"My dear father, you surely are jesting," answered Lady Belinda, a vague feeling of alarm pervading her mind. "You have not yet told me the gentleman's name, and I am sure you are too kind, too generous, to force your daughter to marry a man she cannot love."

"Heaven forbid!" replied the Earl. "My union with your sainted mother was one of pure affection and esteem, and I would never wish a child of mine to marry against her inclinations. Misery must almost to a certainty be the result. No, my child, I cannot help surmising from the tenor of the gentleman's letter that he flatters himself he will not be a disagreeable suitor."

"Indeed!" said Lady Belinda, flushing a still

warmer red, and tossing her head rather disdainfully. "And pray, my dear sir, who may this conceited person be, who seems to think that, like a ripe pear, I am ready to fall into his hands so easily?"

"Not to keep you longer in suspense, the gentleman is Sir Harry Mansfield."

"Upon my word!" replied the lady with a perceptible start, and a glittering of the eyes, which betokened the announcement was not very displeasing to her. "Upon my word! and the gentleman has not even told me he loves me."

"I think the better of him for that. It shows his good taste and honourable spirit not to let matters go too far without obtaining the sanction of your only parent. I will not press this subject further now, as I see you are agitated; I have a shrewd idea the gentleman is not displeasing to you. All I will say now is, that Sir Harry comes of a good family, is a clever young fellow, and likely to make a stir in the world some day. I should say he was decidedly good-looking, but that is for you to judge, not for me. If he is agreeable to you, he has my permission to try and gain what I will say—although it may make you still vainer than you are—will be a treasure to him." So saying, the Earl kissed his daughter tenderly, while the tears fell from her eyes as she laid her head on his shoulder. "And now, my dear child, to turn from this agitating subject, tell me how is the great Maestro getting on?"

"It is on that subject I came to speak to you," said Lady Belinda, drying her eyes and smiling at her own weakness, for the young lady was not a sickly sentimental person. "You must know, my dear father, that Mr. Handel is dreadfully grieved at the continued ill-favour of the King. It is now nearly a twelvemonth since his most gracious Majesty arrived in England, and there are no signs of his softening in his anger against his truant Maitre de Chapelle. His very intimate friend, Baron Kilmanseck, has suggested a plan to try and regain Mr. Handel's former place in his Majesty's esteem, and, as I am naturally very anxious to know how the scheme will succeed, I want you, my dear father, to lay aside your State cares for one day, and make one of a party in the Earl of Burlington's barge, which will accompany the King and the Royal Family in their trip down the river to-morrow."

"And what may the plan be?" asked the Earl.

"That I have promised to keep secret, even from you, my dear sir. All you have to do is to promise as a good subject to pay your respect to his Majesty by accompanying the procession to-morrow—*et nous verrons*."

"I promise with pleasure, my dear child, and trust the Baron's plan will be successful. The weather promises to be fine, and a row on the river will be invigorating to me, as I have been attending to State matters rather closely lately; so adieu for the present. If I am to be holiday-making to-morrow, I must see everything is in order for my secretary to-day."

Lady Belinda took leave of her father, glad to escape any further questioning about Sir Harry Mansfield.

(To be continued.)

#### Prize Competition.

A PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the Competitor who sends in the names of the twelve men now living who have rendered the greatest services to the cause of music in Great Britain.

Readers who wish to enter this competition must cut out and fill up the coupon given on page 4 of cover, with the twelve names, and send it in envelope marked "Competition," to Editor, MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C., not later than January 7th, 1893.

The result of the competition will be announced in the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, published January 25th, 1893. The prize will be awarded to the competitor whose paper contains the twelve names that the total votes of the competitors declare to have rendered the greatest service to the cause of music in Great Britain.

It is hoped that competitions will be posted to 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., as early as possible. Members of the same family may compete if they like, and anyone may send as many attempts as he or she chooses, provided that each is accompanied by separate coupon.



## Personal.

**M**R. EDWARD EPSTEIN, who made his début at the Albert Hall as the Forester in "The Golden Legend," is, I learn, a German vocalist, and is a student at the Guildhall School of Music, of which Sir J. Barnby, the Albert Hall conductor, is the Principal.

MR. PLUNKET GREENE must now be added to the list of concert artists who have determined to visit the United States after the new year. Mr. Greene will make his American début at one of the Symphony Society's concerts in New York in February, and before he returns here in the summer, he will also appear at the Oratorio and other concerts.

MISS FOSTA OLTAM, the handsome English-woman who has been studying music for the last few years in Austria and Hungary, is spending the season within the principality of Monaco. It is said that she will make her début at the Vienna opera next spring. At Monte Carlo she has been the centre of admiration. Miss Oltam is a great pedestrian. She rarely misses her long walks in the country, and, whether wet or fine, delights in open-air exercise.

MR. W. H. HADOW, whose just published work, "Studies in Modern Music," is exciting a good deal of attention, is a Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford. He is possessed of an altogether exceptional memory, and will give an hour's lecture containing references, chapter and section, to some twenty passages in ancient authors, without consulting a note. It is seldom that one meets with a man who is at once a brilliant classical scholar, an accomplished stylist, an art amateur, and a thorough musician.

MAX REICHEL, the eminent violinist, who made so successful an appearance at the Scotch Festival concert recently, was born in Dublin in 1863. His father is half German, half Polish, his mother is a Russian, and he is married to a Russian lady, daughter of the Burgomaster of Moscow. From a child he has played the violin, and might have figured as an infant prodigy, had not his father, himself a musician of some note, set his face against premature public appearances. Max Reichel's first master was Carl Jahn, of Berne, and at seventeen he studied under Rappoldi at Dresden, subsequently with Joachim in Berlin. The present is Mr. Reichel's first visit to England, but he is so gratified with the public reception of his playing, that he has determined to settle with his family in this country.

ON November 30, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra were present at a performance of Dr. Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," given in Plymouth Guildhall by the Plymouth Choral and Orchestral societies, under the conductorship of Mr. Weekes. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is a member of the combined societies, was principal violinist, and played on his magnificent Stradivarius (date 1723), which only arrived at Plymouth on the previous day from Vienna, where it has been on exhibition. The gold-mounted bow which his Royal Highness used was presented to him on the occasion of his marriage by the late Sir Thomas Gladstone. Mr. Charles Fry recited the lyrics, and Miss Spada and Mr. Newbury took part.

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD, whose residence in Cambridge is drawing to a close, fairly astonished the members of the University Musical Club last month, by playing one of his own works at the club concert in a brilliant and masterly manner. This was his own reply to the rumour which he has industriously spread abroad of late that he has lost all his former execution. So pleased and surprised was he at himself, that he subsequently sat down and sang a comic song about a young lady of Joppa.

DR. HUBERT PARRY conducted his overture to "The Frogs" on December 5, at the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society's concert, with evident realisation of the recollection of that amusing play as given by the O. U. D. S. at Oxford early this year. Those who were present on both occasions cannot have forgotten on this how extremely funny Dionysius was in his treatment of Dr. Parry, who conducted the orchestra, and was appealed to by the clever Mr. Herbert as if he had been the chorager of the occasion. Dr. Parry is a very genial man; his handsome, good-humoured face and pleasant manner, and, in particular, the bubbling sense of humour that pervades him while conducting such a work as his "Frogs" overture, are irresistible.

THOSE able young executants Miss Ethel Bauer, Mr. Harold Bauer, and Mr. Herbert Walenn have completed their series of performances of chamber music at the Hampstead Conservatoire in a manner creating a wish among the subscribers to hear them again as speedily as their engagements will permit. At the last concert Miss Ethel Bauer gave with great effect pianoforte pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein, and Liszt, and joined Mr. Harold and Miss Winifred Bauer, Mr. M. Gottheimer, and Mr. H. Walenn in a quintet by Goldmark. The remainder of the programme was of an equally high-class character.

AT Windsor on December 10, after dinner, the well-known violinist M. Tivadar Nachez gave a performance in the drawing-room before the Queen and a large party of guests. The Royal circle included the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and three of their children, the Princess Christian, and the Crown Prince of Roumania. The programme was chosen from M. Nachez's repertory by her Majesty herself, and it comprised Ernst's "Elegy," two Hungarian dances, M. Nachez's own transcription for violin of the late Prince Consort's "Invocation to Harmony," a "Scherzo Fantastique," by Bazzini, Schumann's "Träumerei," and a Mazurka by Wieniawski. The performance was greatly appreciated by her Majesty, who before the transcription of the Prince Consort's piece bade the artist step nearer to where she was sitting, while at the close of the recital M. Nachez was presented by the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Queen in graceful terms thanked him, and expressed her pleasure that she had been enabled to hear him again.

MISS FANNY DAVIES, who lately had the honour of playing the pianoforte to the Queen at Balmoral, has received from her Majesty a brooch bearing the monogram "V.R.I." in dark red enamel and diamonds. The ornament is surmounted by a crown in enamel and gold.

HERR POZNANSKI, whose violin and pianoforte recital took place at Princes' Hall December 13, is of Polish and English parentage and American birth. He developed a talent for the violin before attaining his fourth year, and soon became known in his native city, Charleston, as a musical prodigy of extraordinary promise. Later on the great violinist Vieuxtemps, while touring in America with Thalberg, heard the boy play, and at once recognised his genius. For six years young Poznanski studied with Vieuxtemps, during which time he appeared with great success before Paris and Vienna audiences in concerts given by his master. He studied composition under S. Bagge, a pupil of Lechter, and, after completing his musical education, played in the principal towns of Germany and France, where his grand tone and technique made his tour a series of triumphs. In 1866 he and his brother Joseph, pianist, gave an extended concert tour through the United States, and he was afterwards appointed Director of the Illinois Conservatory of Music, a post he held till 1881, when he returned to Europe. Herr Poznanski is also a prolific composer of violin music. He and his charming wife have a picturesque house overlooking the Thames at Ravenscourt Park.

MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN left England December 17 for Genoa, to superintend the rehearsals of his opera "Signa," to be produced at the Carlo-Felice towards the end of next month. This is the work originally written for Mr. D'Oyly Carte at the Royal English Opera House, but as at present there seems no chance of a new tragic four-act opera of home manufacture being accepted with a view to speedy performance in a fitting manner in this country, Mr. Cowen has acted judiciously in consenting to introduce it abroad rather than keep it on the shelf. The libretto, adapted by Mr. Gilbert A. Beckett from Ouida's novel of the same name, has been translated into Italian by Signor Mazzucato. The cast will not be finally settled until the composer's arrival in Genoa on Monday, and after he has had some opportunity of testing the qualifications of the proposed principals. Sketches of the scenes have been forwarded to Mr. Cowen, who, in a letter to a friend, has pronounced them "charming." Particulars of the work will be awaited with much interest by the many admirers of the tuneful composer.

PADEREWSKI, who sailed December 14 for the United States by the *Teutonic*, has undoubtedly been the musical hero of the past month. During his week's tour he took away from us about £3,000. The remuneration, it will be remarked, is about twenty-five times more than that of a Cabinet Minister, and I do not suppose that any pianist has ever received so much—at any rate, in this country. The record even of the Rubinstein receipts has thus been beaten. Yet as recently as 1890, Paderewski made his début at St. James's Hall before an audience which hardly produced a ten-pound note. He will now be away in the New World until May, when he will return to Europe, and after a short rest it is hoped he will give one or more recitals here in the height of the summer. With the ladies, Paderewski has been a particular favourite, and at all his performances the fair sex were in a large majority. He intends to enliven the trip across the Atlantic by giving concerts on board.

## Notes from Leeds.

THE income derived from the recent Musical Festival amounted to £10,918, being about thirty guineas in excess of that of 1889, and the expenditure reached £8,216. The new chorus arrangements involved an extra expenditure of £705, and the improved system of general rehearsals was responsible for about £100 additional cost. The balance available for distribution was therefore £2,702. Of this the various charitable institutions of Leeds received shares of £2,000, and the remainder was added to the reserve fund—out of which, it should be explained, the new gallery had been previously paid for.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company paid its annual visit at the end of October, and presented a list of operas more than usually attractive. Mascagni's "Rustic Chivalry" was given five times, his "L'Amico Frits" twice, and Verdi's "Otello" was also presented for the first time in Leeds. The remaining works were "Carmen," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Prophet," "Faust," and "The Bohemian Girl." Miss de Lussan and Mr. McGuckin continued their hold on the audiences, while amongst the comparatively new-comers Miss Ella Russel and Mr. E. C. Hedmond established reputations.

THE winter concert season was opened on November 14, when Mr. Christensen gave his first concert. The orchestra was heard in Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, and with the concert-giver in Field's pianoforte Concerto in A flat. A very effective "Capriccio" for orchestra and pianoforte was also played. The orchestra was ably conducted by Mr. Gutfeld. Mr. John Browning was the vocalist.



THE Leeds Philharmonic Society, at its first concert, on November 30, presented a programme devoted entirely to the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Something might be said against the arrangement, as "The Golden Legend" was given in the first part, followed by a comparatively juvenile work in the shape of the Festival "Te Deum." However, this said, there were few opportunities for adverse criticism. The "Legend" went well from beginning to end, only occasionally suffering from the slow tempo adopted by Mr. John Bowling (who kindly conducted in consequence of Mr. Broughton's illness). Miss Medora Henson, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. Piercy and Mr. Mills were one and all satisfactory in the solo parts, and Mr. Wood Higgins was responsible for the small part of the Forester. The orchestra performed their important share admirably, not only in the two works mentioned, but also in the "In Memoriam" overture. The "Te Deum" was well given, but failed to keep the audience in their seats to the end.

MR. EDGAR HADDOCK'S "Musical Evenings" have grown so much in public favour that the Albert Hall has been forsaken for the more commodious Victoria Hall. This change has been brought about mainly by the engagement of celebrated vocalists. The first of the six evenings was held on November 21, when Miss Mathilde Wurm joined Mr. Haddock in a truly excellent performance of Gade's Sonata in D minor, Op. 21. The lady was also heard in pieces by Chopin and Liszt. The concert-giver played solos by Bazzini and Wieniawski, and introduced a not very original, but decidedly effective, "Ballade Norwegienne" by himself. Madame Albani was enthusiastically received in "Casta Diva," Mascagni's concerted intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and in the Jewel Song from "Faust." The second evening, on December 6, was memorable for the pianoforte-playing of Miss Janotha. She was associated with Mr. Haddock in Grieg's early Sonata in G, Op. 13; but it was when these artists were joined by Mr. de Munck in Mendelssohn's ever-fresh Trio in D minor, that the best thing of the evening was heard. The performance was very refined and delicate, and it is to be hoped that this type of music will be heard more frequently at these concerts. Miss Janotha chose Chopin's Valse, Op. 42, and was recalled after playing another piece for an encore. There were two vocalists. One of these was "Her Imperial Highness Eugénie di Cristoforo, Princess Palæologe Nicéphore-Comnene" (I think that is all!). With every wish to be charitable, it cannot be said that her efforts were worthy of praise. Musical style was conspicuously absent and intonation faulty. The other singer, Mr. Stanley Cookson, was heartily received in Sullivan's "Ho Jolly Jenkin," and a new sacred song by Mr. G. P. Haddock.

## Foreign Notes.

THE reports from Vienna which refer to the projected resignation of Dr. Richter in favour of Herr Mottl are understood to be incorrect.

THE new Wagner School at Bayreuth has opened with twenty-two pupils, who are being instructed in the Wagnerian mysteries by Herr Kneise and the celebrated prima donna Marianne Brandt. The best of the students will eventually form the nucleus of the company at the Bayreuth operatic performances.

WE are informed that the first performance of Verdi's "Falstaff," at La Scala, Milan, is at present fixed for February 7. The opera may possibly be postponed for a day or two, but not later than February 14, after which Lent begins. In all probability Signor Marino Mancinelli will conduct.

MASSNET'S "Werther" has met with great success at Weimar as elsewhere. It is strange that this fine work has to wait so long for a hearing in London.

MANY of his friends in this country will regret to hear that Dr. Von Bülow is again down with the influenza.

MR. EUGENE D'ALBERT has just completed an opera, a pianoforte concerto, and a string quartet, the last-named work being underlined for production at Berlin under the leadership of Herr Joachim.

A MAGNIFICENT volume, profusely illustrated, is being prepared as a memento of the Vienna Musical and Dramatic Exhibition. It will be published simultaneously in Vienna and Paris. The letterpress will be in three languages, French, German, and English.

IT is now nearly certain that there will not be an opera season of any sort at New York this winter, but plans have been prepared for the rebuilding of the Metropolitan Opera-house, and it is hoped that the new edifice will be ready for the season of 1893-94.

THE authorities of Wechenar (Saxe Coburg) have placed a tablet on the house of Heinrich Bach there, with the inscription: "In this house Veit Bach in 1600, and then his son Hans Bach, carried on the trade of bakers. Hans studied music in Gotha, and with great success. Over one hundred descendants of the Bach family have in seven generations been distinguished as musicians."

M. BERTRAND, director of the Grand Opera, Paris, is now at Munich, studying with the operatic authorities there the *mise en scène* of "Die Walküre," which will be given for the first time in Paris next spring.

"THE Temptations of St. Anthony" would at first blush seem to be a curious subject for an opera, but I learn from Venice that a work bearing that title, and introducing a tableau from Morelli's picture, is being written by Signor Ghio. In the libretto, which is by Count Lugano, there is an important female character Idea, a part to be played at Venice next year by Mdle. Litvinne.

ANOTHER sign of the times is found in the engagement of Miss Florence Monteith as prima donna of a concert tour in Belgium. She is accompanied by the English baritone, Mr. Walter Clifford, and both artists are warmly praised by the press of Antwerp. *Le Précurseur* says that Miss Monteith is gifted with a "very beautiful voice, which she employs admirably; her execution of florid music is astonishingly brilliant." The other Antwerp journals concur in these remarks. We hear of proposals made for a short series of English glees and madrigals, to be sung in Paris by English artists, who appear to be at last appreciated by Continental music-lovers.

HERR HEINRICH DE AHNA, whose death at the age of fifty-seven is announced from Berlin, is said to have been one of the musical instructors of the present German Emperor. He was for many years leading violinist at the Royal Prussian Opera. He was an Austrian by birth, and was a pupil at Prague of Mildner. He also studied under Mayseder. At the outbreak of the Austro-French War he entered the army, and as a lieutenant fought on the Austrian side at the Battle of Magenta. In 1862 he settled in Berlin, where his sister was a prima donna, and there he remained till his death. He was for nearly thirty years a professor of the violin at the High School, and after leaving the Joachim quartet party, he formed a chamber music society on his own account.

IN the course of the Musical Conference at Milan recently, the curious fact was elicited that in many Continental countries the composer cannot substantiate a case for infringement of copyright, nor, indeed, any action whatever, without first giving security for costs. In this benighted land impecunious plaintiffs are enabled to bring frivolous libel actions against newspaper proprietors, who, when at great trouble

and expense they have won the day, are left to whistle for their costs. In Austria, on the other hand, it was said at the Conference that before an action for 300 francs could be brought for breach of musical copyright a bond must be entered into in the sum of 1,500 francs to satisfy costs and damages in case the plaintiff should be beaten. In France and Belgium a similar rule exists.

REFERRING to my recent note regarding the movement for acquiring the Wagner Museum in Vienna, a correspondent in that city writes: There is no reason for consternation on the part of the Wagnerian enthusiasts because Herr Oesterlein's Wagner Museum is likely to go to the United States. I must in the first place protest against its being called a "collection of relics and souvenirs," for it is nothing of the kind. A tiny ante-room and two small rooms contain the whole of these precious objects. The Journal of the Wagner Society says: In the first room there are books and newspapers that have appeared containing articles on Wagner since 1882; in the second room books and newspapers preceding 1882; and in the third room photographs, prints, and some autographs. The custodian of these treasures is one Schweikhardt, an upholsterer, who was sometimes employed by Wagner. As a fact, Schweikhardt is dead, and the custodian is now a girl, who apparently wonders why people pay eightpence to stare at photographs and books which they can see in the shop windows any day for nothing. Besides books, newspapers and photographs, there are lead and tin casts of the medals which Wagner received during his lifetime; plaster casts of his busts, a few drawings of costumes for the theatres where his operas were performed, a small glass case of trifling presents, such as pipes, pen-wipers, goblets, and other articles with Wagner, or subjects from his operas, upon them. But they did not belong to the Master—they are there merely as evidences of his popularity.

MR. W. S. GILBERT may be interested to learn that, according to the judgment of the Court of Appeal at Vienna, a libretto is a mere "annexe" to an opera, and is quite subordinate to the music. The case had reference to "Carmen." In Austria, copyright expires at the end of the tenth year after the author's death. Bizet, the composer, died in 1875, but the librettists of "Carmen" are still living, and performing fees were claimed from Herr Angelo Neumann, of Prague, on their behalf. But the Superior Tribunal of Vienna holds libretti and librettists in small account. It declined to accept the argument that under the Austrian law of October 19, 1846, the librettist has the same protection as the composer, and roundly held that "the text of an opera was only a sort of supplement annexed to the music." Like many other amateurs who have never tried the experiment, the judges possibly imagined that anybody could write a libretto, but that the music was a very different thing. Unfortunately, Herr Neumann lost his case upon another point, namely, a question of contract in writing, so that the matter is unlikely to be submitted to the Austrian Supreme Court, an analogous tribunal to our own House of Lords as a final court of legal appeal.

GREAT credit is due to M. Colonne for having brought out on December 4 "L'Enfance du Christ" in its entirety—a work which has not been heard for many years in Paris. Some of those interested in such matters may remember that the second part, entitled and descriptive of "La Fuite en Egypte," was on its first representation attributed to a certain Pierre Ducré, of the Sainte Chappelle, a personage who never existed save in the imagination of Berlioz, who, after the "fragment" had been well received, acknowledged that he was the author of the words and composer of the music. When given in its complete shape it had not much success in Paris during the lifetime of Berlioz, who was at that time far more appreciated in foreign countries, especially in Germany, than in his own land. Full, though tardy, justice has been paid to him of late, and if he could only have listened to such applause as greeted his music, he would have lived and died a happier man. Styled a "Sacred



Trilogy," "L'Enfance du Christ" may be best described to English readers as an oratorio. In the first part, called "Le Songe d'Hérode," the apprehensions that assail the "ridiculous tyrant," as Berlioz calls him, and that lead to his ordering the "Massacre of the Innocents," are effectively contrasted with the content that reigns in the stable at Bethlehem. The Flight into Egypt, comprising the second part, consists of a melodious overture descriptive of the shepherds taking leave of the Holy Family, of a tuneful chorus, and finally of a graphic narration for tenor voice of the journeyings of the sacred pilgrims. The overture was repeated, and the accompanying recitative, beautifully sung by M. Warmbrodt, was also encored. The distinct articulation and tender expression of this gentleman are equally to be commended. The third part tells of the arrival of the Holy Family at their journey's end, of their being repulsed from door to door, until at last—to use Berlioz's words—"Pas un infidèle fut sauvé Le Sauveur." The work concludes with a "Chœur Mystique" repeating pianissimo, the "prayer and amen" devoutly breathed by the tenor voice. The music allotted to Mary was admirably sung by Mademoiselle de Montalant; that of Saint Joseph by M. Manoury, and that of Herod by M. Fournets. The other soloists, including those who performed the quaint "trio for two flutes and a harp," were equally successful, and the entire performance reflected the highest credit on M. Colonne.

### Forthcoming Events.

**HERR PLOWITZ**, of Vienna, proposes next year to give a series of chamber concerts at Princes' Hall, in association with Herr Nemes and Herr Burbaum.

**MADAME ALBANI** will next February start on a concert and opera tour of Austro-Hungary, returning in April for a provincial tour, under Mr. Vert's direction. Mr. Lloyd will also, under the same management, tour in the provinces between January 16 and February 15.

**MR. HENSCHEL's** new choir, the formation of which I announced some little time ago, will make their first appearance in Mozart's "Ave Verum" and Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" (the solo by Mrs. Henschel) at the London Symphony Concert on February 2; while at the concert, on March 2, the proposal to revive Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony has wisely been abandoned in favour of Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

**SIR JOHN STAINER**, I regret to hear, will be unable to write the new sacred cantata which he was expected to contribute to the Norwich Triennial Festival next October, and the novelties will therefore be Mr. Gaul's cantata "Una," Mr. Cowen's cantata "The Water Lily," Mr. J. F. Barnett's short cantata for female voices, and M. Paderewski's Polish Rhapsody. The festival will commence on October 3 with "St. Paul"; Sullivan's "Golden Legend" will be given on the morning of October 4, and in the evening M. Paderewski will play. Dr. Hubert Parry will conduct his "Judith" on the morning of October 5, and the "Messiah" will close the festival on the following day.

It has now been decided to give three subscription Monday Popular Concerts at Bristol early in the new year, the amount of subscriptions promised being sufficient to cover the cost.

The Grosvenor Club has issued a new programme which promises well. The Wednesday afternoon concerts, which proved so attractive in November, are to begin again in January; the band will play during the hours between four and seven; and arrange-

ments are to be made for obviating the crowding of the tea-rooms by supplying refreshments from a buffet placed in the large tea-room. This will be a great improvement, and the new arrangement reflects great credit on the care and talent of the secretary, Captain Gordon.

**SIR CHARLES HALLÉ** proposes again to bring his Manchester orchestra to London, and will give a symphony concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, February 22.

BEFORE dissolving, the General Committee of the late Cardiff Musical Festival appointed a sub-committee to make arrangements for the meeting of 1895. These consist of ten members of the late directing body, and others subsequently added. In one respect the sub-committee's action has been vigorous. They have entirely got rid of the professional musical element in the councils of the young institution, and even the secretary and historiographer of the present year's festival has not been reappointed. Arrangements are about to be made for a supply of new works in 1895.

THE Carl Rosa Company will commence their annual visit to Liverpool on January 2, it lasting this year nine weeks. During the season the late Goring Thomas's opera, "The Golden Web," will be produced for the first time on any stage, and the following works will be performed in English, to wit: "Otello," "Djamileh," "Postilion of Longjumeau," "L'Amico Fritz," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "The Prophet," "Black Domino," "Daughter of the Regiment," "Figaro," "Traviata," "Faust," "Don Giovanni," "Maritana," "Bohemian Girl," "Trovatore," "Killarney," "Carmen," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Fra Diavolo," and "Aida." This well-varied and interesting catalogue has been selected by the directors from the list of seventy-six operas which form the Carl Rosa repertory.

THE Lord Mayor has promised to preside in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House at the opening meeting on January 3 of the Incorporated Society of Musicians. The title of this excellent Association is, by the way, somewhat misleading. The Society is not incorporated by Royal Charter, but is registered under the Limited Liability Acts as a joint-stock company "not for profit." The only musical associations, barring the Albert Hall proprietors, which are really incorporated by Royal Charter, are the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Music.

THE Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts are suspended until February 25, the spring season being continued until Mr. Manns' benefit on April 29. A highly-interesting series of programmes has been drawn up for the spring concerts. The most important of the novelties will be Dr. Dvorák's Mass in D, written some years ago, but since re-scored, and to be heard for the first time in England on March 11. At the same concert Schubert's "The Lord is my Shepherd," orchestrated by Mr. Manns, will be performed. Little Hegner will open the season, and will play Chopin's First Concerto; Dr. Joachim will perform Spohr's Eighth Concerto ("Gesangscene") on March 18; Herr Klengel will introduce a new violoncello concerto in D, from his own pen, on March 25; and among the works promised—besides of course a plentiful selection of standard and other compositions—are new concert overtures by Mr. Marshall Hall and Mr. F. Lamond, and a Marche Solennelle by Mr. E. German. Berlioz's "Faust" will be given on April 15, and the first published version of Schumann's Symphony in D on April 22.

The committee of the Leeds Triennial Festival have already taken steps to secure a proper proportion of novelties for the celebration of 1895. Last autumn, owing to a variety of causes, new works upon which they had relied were not available, but this disappoint-

ment they hope by timely action to prevent three years hence. Formal application has consequently been made to Sir Arthur Sullivan for a new composition, details of which are necessarily left to him, although a hope will in many quarters be expressed that it will prove to be a successor to "The Golden Legend." At present Sir Arthur has not yet returned a definite reply, for reasons which may be imagined, one of which doubtless lies in the difficulty he has already experienced in selecting a suitable subject. At a recent meeting of the committee it was also resolved to commission Dr. Hubert Parry to write a work of large dimensions. The offer was at once accepted in cordial terms, and we may therefore reasonably anticipate that the English repertory will be enriched by a new oratorio, expressly composed for the Yorkshire chorus. It was likewise, I learn, proposed at the meeting to invite Dr. A. C. Mackenzie to compose a new cantata should his engagements permit. In regard to the choral arrangements, it was, I understand, unanimously felt that the idea of recruiting the choir from various parts of the West Riding instead of almost exclusively from Leeds itself had proved completely successful, and this plan will accordingly again be followed.

### Music in Bristol.

THE Meister Glee Singers have paid us another visit, and again delighted us with their skilful part-singing. Their re-appearance in the early months of next year—when they are engaged for a concert to be given under the auspices of the Messrs. Harrison, of Birmingham—is anticipated with pleasure.

The Bristol Musical Association has not been idle. Their concert at the Colston Hall comprised what may be termed a "National" programme, consisting of a selection of English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish airs, all of which were creditably rendered.

Perhaps the concert calling for most detailed notice was the second of Messrs. Harrison's series, in which Miss Macintyre, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Charles Chilley were the principal vocalists, whilst amongst the instrumentalists were Mdlle. Szumowska, Mdlle. Yrrac, and the boy cellist, Jean Gerardy. The indulgence of the audience was sought for Miss Macintyre, who was suffering from cold. A song by Gomez was substituted for Bellini's aria, "Casta Diva," which was to have been her first contribution. In this, and also the "Ave Maria" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" (in which the violin and cello accompaniments were given by Mdlle. Yrrac and Master Gerardy), Miss Macintyre was heard to advantage. Mr. Plunket Greene, who, by the way, was educated at Clifton College, gave two old Hungarian songs, arranged by F. Kobay. Both are remarkably quaint, and were given with great dramatic power. He also sung M. Valerie White's "Meeting." Each of his songs evoked an encore. The violin playing of Mdlle. Yrrac, especially in a composition of Tartini's, was excellent. Master Jean Gerardy exhibited wonderful skill on the cello; an Andante by his master, Popper, a Tarantelle by V. Herbert, and a Fantasia Caprice by Dunkler, being all given with tone and expression which can only be characterized as marvellous. The last item was deservedly encored. Mdlle. Szumowska's piano solos were Chopin's Ballade in A flat, a Nocturne by Paderewski, and Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 13.

The second of Miss Loch's popular chamber concerts was held at the Victoria Rooms. The programme included Schumann's Quintet, the Adagio from Schubert's D minor Quartet, and Mendelssohn's Quartet in D, Op. 44, No. 1. Each received careful interpretation. Miss Loch's pianoforte solo was Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (Op. 10, No. 1). Mr. Carrington played on the violin Wagner's "Albumbblatt," and a Fandango by Molique. The last was encored; and Mr. Carrington played a Romance by Svensen.

Mrs. Liebhich lectured on Schumann on December 3, and musical illustrations were effectively played by Mr. Liebhich.



## Music in Exeter.

**M**R. FARLEY SINKINS did not receive much encouragement at the first of his fourteenth annual series of concerts. The party was an unusually strong one, but there were many more empty rows of seats than one expected to see. The vocalists were Madame Albani, Miss May Pinney (whose parents were Exonians), Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Norman Salmond; the instrumentalists Mdle. Janotha, Herr Popper, Mr. Georges Benzon (the boy violinist), with Mr. Watkins as conductor. Madame Albani had never before been heard to such advantage. She was in magnificent voice. In the air "Casta Diva" she revelled in the most brilliant ornamentation, and at the close the scene was one of almost wild enthusiasm, which will be long remembered. Of course there was the inevitable encore, which was responded to, as were all the others. I think Mdle. Janotha came next in order of favouritism, though Herr Popper ran her pretty close. The great hall was not so full as usual in the evening—which seems incomprehensible, especially as there was not any other attraction in the city. Musical people certainly cannot expect such distinguished artists to be brought into the city if they themselves do not better support the *entrepreneurs*. The chief falling off was in the better class of seats.

The Very Rev. the Dean (Dr. Corvie) presided at the annual meeting of Exeter Diocesan Choral Association, held in the Chapter House of the Cathedral. The report (the sixth annual) expressed satisfaction at the vigour and thoroughness with which the association's object was being accomplished. Much, however, remained to be done in the improvement of congregational singing. Various suggestions were made with this view. At the last Festival the number of singers was 1,080, representing 46 choirs, as against 1,051, representing 39 choirs, in 1889. The report mentioned one or two remarkable facts, as showing the enthusiasm of some of the chorists for the work. Some of the choirs had to leave their parishes at 5 a.m., and did not arrive home again till one o'clock next morning, and lost a day's pay in addition. One man, a miner, had to work double shifts, and only got three hours' sleep out of forty-eight hours, in order to get the day. The service was exceedingly well rendered, the parts being more evenly balanced than at any previous Festival. The Dean paid a warm tribute to the services of the conductor, Mr. Roylands Smith.

Mons. Vladimir de Pachmann visited Exeter on his return from his southern provincial tour. The repertoire of the famous pianist consisted largely, as usual, of selections from Chopin, of whose works Pachmann is held to be the best living interpreter. Whether the eccentricities of the composer and the mannerisms of the instrumentalist pleased all the listeners, it is difficult to say—there was probably too much of the Polish composer. It was, however, a remarkable performance. There was a satisfactory audience.

The annual concert of Mr. Barré D. Bayly, a local violinist, and leader of the band of the Oratorio Society, was as usual well attended, there being few vacant seats. Musically the concert was an excellent one. A leading feature was the performance of Miss Beatrice Langley (a Devonian), who has already won considerable fame, both in London and the provinces, by her remarkable skill as a violinist. Several local vocalists assisted, including Miss Laura Lyon, late prima donna with Mr. Valentine Smith.

A capital series of organ recitals at the Cathedral has lately been introduced, the primary object being to aid the fund for the new organ by the collection. They have been usually given on the Saturday night, and have filled the immense building. A recital given on the Friday afternoon did not attract so large a congregation. Seeing the immense number drawn together on the Saturdays—many, no doubt, from less desirable resorts—and on a large proportion of whom the music (both vocal and instrumental) would have an educational effect, it would seem far the better plan to continue them (and weekly, too, if possible) on the Saturday nights. A double object could thus be accomplished.

W. C.

## Music in Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

**O**N November 13, Professor Stockhausen, assisted by his pupils Fräulein Nathan, Tuxen, Beck and Herr Belwitt gave his first popular concert before a numerous audience. Brahms' quartet, Op. 64, Christmas songs by Bach, Franz, Mendelssohn and Cornelius, and also several of Schubert's songs were excellently given by both soloists and chorus. The next important concert was Joachim's annual one, which is always eagerly looked for. It took place on November 20. The string quartet party, Kruse, Wirth and Hausmann, led by Dr. Joachim, performed the following:

Quartet in D minor ... Haydn.  
Op. 41, No. 3 in A ... Schumann.  
Op. 127 in E flat ... Beethoven.

with what success it is needless to add.

Frau Sembrich lately paid a visit to Frankfurt, singing at the Opera House in "La Sonnambula," and "La Fille du Régiment." Her beautiful voice and fine acting never fail to attract a large audience, and on both occasions the house was packed.

Fräulein Clotilde Kleeberg gave a pianoforte recital on November 21. She did not make quite so favourable an impression as on the occasion of her late appearance at the Museum Concert, and her rendering of the more important numbers of her programme was by no means equal to that of the slighter ones. Her recital was well attended, though that is not usually the case here, where concerts given by pianists alone do not meet with much success.

The first concert of the Cecilian-Verein was held on November 25. The programme included Mendelssohn's setting of Psalm cxiv., Bach's eight-part Motet, "Komm, Jesu, Komm," a Requiem by Seyffardt, and Cherubini's beautiful Requiem in C minor. The last-named work was very well given, and the rendering of the Motet deserved much praise. The alto solos in Seyffardt's Requiem were sung with great expression by Fräulein Beck. The concert was under the direction of Professor Carl Müller, who for many years was conductor of the Museum Concerts.

At the third Museum Concert on November 18, Ondricek was the violin soloist. He chose Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor as his principal piece, Beethoven's Romance in G; and the Moto Perpetuo from Raff's Suite, Op. 180. The Concerto was brilliantly given, and received with much applause. The orchestral works on this occasion were Beethoven's fourth Symphony, the Overture to "Manfred" by Schumann, and Richard Strauss's Symphonic Poem "Tod und Verklärung," which was performed here for the first time last year.

The programme of the fourth Museum Concert was as follows:

Suite for Orchestra in D ... Bach.  
Fantasia in C for Pianoforte, arranged for Piano and Orchestra by Liszt ... Schubert.  
Adagio and Andante quasi Allegretto from "Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus" ... Beethoven.

Pianoforte solos:  
(a) Romanze, Op. 5 ... Tchaikovsky.  
(b) Basso ostinato ... Arensky.  
(c) Étude in C Sharp minor ... Chopin.  
(d) Rhapsodie No. 14 ... Liszt.

Overture "A Calm Sea and a Stormy Voyage" ... Mendelssohn.

Symphony "Harold en Italie" ... Berlioz.

Silotti was the pianist, and gave a most poetical rendering of the pianoforte pieces. He was repeatedly recalled, and at length yielded to the wish for an encore. Berlioz's most interesting Symphony was extremely well performed; the solo viola part being taken by Professor Ritter, who played, we understand, on an instrument made by himself.

The third Opera-house concert took place on December 7, under the direction of Herr Goltermann. Fräulein Eibenschütz played Chopin's Concerto in F

minor; and as solos chose Rubinstein's Barcarolle and the Paganini-Liszt Étude. Her beautiful tone and masterly technique well deserved the storms of applause with which each piece was followed. Fräulein Schacko, a great favourite in the Opera here, was the vocalist. The audience, it seemed to us, was somewhat disappointed by her rendering of the Aria from "Idomeneo" allotted to her.

The orchestral works were Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, the third movement of which was most beautifully played, an Intermezzo in E minor from a Suite by Lachner, Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture, and the Overture from Marschner's Opera "Hans Heiling."

The Third Chamber-music Concert was delayed till December 9. The programme was thoroughly enjoyable, the Quartets being No. 3 in B by Mozart, Op. 18 No. 5 in A by Beethoven, and Brahms' Pianoforte Quartet in C minor. Frau Florence Bassermann took the pianoforte part in the last-named work.

## Leicester Musical Notes.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

**T**HE members of the New Musical Society gave a performance of Handel's "Judas Macabeus," at the Temperance Hall, on Thursday evening, December 8. The band and chorus of 250 were efficiently conducted by Mr. Hancock. The principal vocalists were Miss Norledge, Madame Dent, Madame E. Thomas, Messrs. Hagyard and Bingley Shaw. The attendance was very good.

THE Loyal Caledonian Corks gave a large concert at the Temperance Hall, on December 10, in aid of the benevolent fund of the District Lodge. The event was highly successful, and a substantial sum was realized. The following ladies and gentlemen took part: Mesdames Thorpe, Pollard, A. Countess, Messrs. W. Wotherspoon, H. Nutter, Dr. Mariette, Dr. Bremner, R. Babbington, W. Musson, J. Smith, Maurice Merton and J. J. Curtis.

THE Leicester Rowing Club gave a grand smoking concert at the Masonic Hall on December 5. Over 150 of the leading oarsmen of the county were present, the entertainment proving the largest and most successful ever carried out under the auspices of the club.

THE Leicester Amateur Dramatic and Musical Society gave a grand concert at their Rooms, in Friar Lane, on December 16. Their indefatigable manager, Mr. Frank G. Pierpoint, presided. A very heavy programme was very successfully gone through. The audience was very select and large—the hall being crowded.

THE Leicester Orchestral Union gave a popular grand concert of classical orchestral music at the Temperance Hall, on Saturday evening, December 17. The programme included Haydn's celebrated "Farewell Symphony," "Candle Overture," Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor; solo pianoforte, Miss Ethelwyn Ellis, L.R.A.M., selection from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (the Brook, Dance, Storm, and Hymn of Thanksgiving); Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde"; viola solo by Mr. F. Ward, Gilla's "Passe-Pied"; Macfarren's overture "Chevy Chase." The vocalists engaged were Miss Gertrude Jackson and Mr. Donald McAlpin; accompanist, Mr. Charles Hancock, Mus. Bac.; conductor, Mr. H. B. Ellis, F.C.O.



## Oxford Notes.

**M**USICALLY speaking, the term just ended has been unprecedentedly dull. The outlook for the next season is brighter. Amongst other things the "X and Q," as it is popularly called, has "St. Paul" in rehearsal. We have had two of the second series of "Public Classical Concerts." At the first Miss Hilda Wilson sang the inevitable "Che farò," and "Up the dreadful steep" from Handel's "Jephtha." Mr. Leonard Borwick played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto in magnificent fashion. The orchestra, better than of late years, played Sterndale Bennett's "Naiades" overture and Mozart's Symphony in G minor. The second of these concerts was the more enjoyable. Miss Fanny Davies charmed her audience by her rendering of Chopin's piano Concerto in F minor. Mr. A. F. Ferguson contributed three German songs in fair style. The orchestra gave Parry's "Frogs" overture—which was conducted by the composer—and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

At the first of two ballad concerts we heard Mrs. Mary Davies, Madame Clara Samuel, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Durward Lely, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Senor Albeniz. At the second Miss Marie Brema, Mademoiselle Yrrac, Master Gerardy, and others appeared.

Miss Frances Allitsen gave a concert at the Randolph Assembly Rooms on November 26. The programme was chiefly made up of her own compositions—some of them really capital. Mrs. Helen Trust, Mr. Herbert Thorndike, Mr. Charles Copland and Mr. D'Albert were the artists.

Mademoiselle Szumowska and M. Gorski gave an excellent recital before a meagre audience, which made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers.

C. H. S.

## Music in Wandsworth.

**O**NLY one concert worthy of notice has taken place during the last month—that given by the Wandsworth Choral Society in the town hall on December 15. It was, for us, a great success. Mr. Higgs had got together a band and chorus of 150, with the best-known of our local violinists, Miss Emily Hardy, for leader. The soloists were Miss Kate Cove, Miss Teresa Blaney, and Mr. Harper Kearton, all of whom sang well and got innumerable encores. The first part of the programme was occupied by Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," about the performance of which I have nothing but good things to say. Next time Miss Blaney is going to sing, I advise her to have a railway guide. Then she won't be late, and (as on this occasion) leave the conductor without one of the sopranos in "I waited for the Lord." Mr. Higgs happily was able to persuade Mr. Harper Kearton to fill her place. Of the second part of the programme the only item calling for notice was the first movement of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, which was on the whole creditably played.

R.

## London Academy of Music.

**T**HE Scholarship Competition of the above institution was held on Wednesday, December 7. There were some twenty scholarships and fifty competitors, so it is only reasonable to think that a good many of the latter went disappointed away. On the other hand, a certain number would chuckle gleefully at the result of the proceedings. Their names are: Misses Calkin, Metter, Rose, Bull, Edwards, Blamy Goddard, and Messrs. Moscarella, Nutt, Dene, and Denis—these are all vocalists; and amongst the instrumentalists Misses Gearing, Liebmann, Swiney, Fuller, Irvine, Smithers, Bruckshaw, Beestonstone Liebmann, and Messrs. Alexander, Dickson, and Wellsted.

\* Whatever this may be.—Ed.

## Patents.

**T**HIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

18,014. The improved method of constructing and stringing piano frames. George Edward Wells, 151, Peckham Park Road, Old Kent Road, London. October 10th.

18,023. Improvements in, and relating to combined pianofortes and reed organs. John Saville, 70, Market Street, Manchester. October 10th.

18,046. Violin peg. William Christian Selle, 5, Old Palace Terrace, Richmond Green, Richmond, London. October 10th.

18,438. Improvements in musical instruments. John Frederick Charles Abelspies, 37, Chancery Lane, London. October 14th.

18,450. Improvements in, or applicable to, pianofortes, organs, harmoniums, and like musical instruments. William Willeringhaus, 4, South Street, Finsbury, London. October 14th.

18,758. An improvement in, or relating to, banjos and other like instruments. Thomas Henry Flight, 9, Warwick Court, Gray's Inn Road, London. October 19th.

18,914. Improvements in transposing pianos. Alfred George Gigney, 20, High Holborn, London. October 21st.

18,978. Improvements in sounding-boards for pianofortes. Frank Arthur Moggridge, 76, Chancery Lane, London. October 22nd.

19,075. Apparatus for recording and reproducing musical tones. Carl Vilhelm Nystroin, 4, South Street, Finsbury. October 24th.

19,380. Improvements in, or applicable to, organs and similar instruments. James Semple Murdoch, 226, High Holborn, London. October 28th.

19,605. An easy notation for printing music, vocal and instrumental, in numerals. Frederic Weber, the German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, London. November 1st.

19,649. A new or improved musical string instrument. Ernst Bocker and Franz Xaver Servatius, 433, Strand, London. November 1st.

19,754. Improvements in apparatus for teaching music. Julia Bridget Corbett, 54, Fleet Street, London. November 2nd.

19,775. Improvements in musical boxes. Paul Lochmann, 89, Chancery Lane, London. November 3rd.

## SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

20,710. Bonn. Stringed instruments. 1891.... 10d.  
1,981. Dunkley and Holt. Pianofortes, etc. 1892 .... 10d.  
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The above Specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., at the prices quoted.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS have acquired the publishing rights of Mr. Haydn Parry's "Cigarette," which they will shortly issue in vocal score. The opera is to go on a second provincial tour, and is also to be produced in America.

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Supplement of

January 1893.

# BEETHOVEN NUMBER

MAGAZIN OF MUSIC.

## LONGING. SEHNSUCHT.

(Goethe.)

L. van BEETHOVEN.

*Andante, poco Adagio.*

VOICE.  
GESANG.

1. Who knows what long - ings are Such grief may mea - sure! A - lone, and dis - tant  
2. Ab - sent a - las! he stavs Who loves and knows me. My brain turns round, sus -  
1. Nur wer die Seh - sucht kennt, weiss was ich lei - dol! Al - lein und ab - ge -  
2. Ach! der mich liebt und kennt, ist in der Wei - te. Es schwin - delt mir, es

PIANO.

*p* *cresc.*

1. far From ev - ry plea - sure, Vain - ly my ar - dent gaze Seeks my heart's trea - sure.  
2. pense In an - guish throws me. Who knows what long - ings are Such grief may mea - sure.  
1. trennt von al - ler Freu - do, seh' ich an's Fir - mament nach je - ner Sei - te.  
2. brennt mein Ein - ge - wei - do. Nur wer die Seh - sucht kennt, weiss was ich lei - dol!

*f* *p*



Engrossed & Printed at Leipzig by C. F. W. Neumann.



# ADELAIDE.

## ADELAIDE.

(Matthisson.)

L. van BEETHOVEN.

Larghetto.

PIANO. *dolce e p*

Lone - ly wan - ders thy friend thro' spring's fair gar - dens, All with  
 Ein - sam wan - delt dein Freund im Früh - lings - gar - ten, mild vom

soft - est en - chanting light per - va - ded Which on quiv - er - ing bough and blos - som  
 lieb - li - chen Zau - ber - licht um - flos - sen, das durch wan - ken - de Blü - then - zwi - ge

trembles, A - de - la - i - de! A - de - la -  
 zit - tert, A - de - la - i - de!

i - de! In the mir - ror - like stream, the snow of Alp heights, In day's  
 i - de! In der spie - gel - den Fluth, im Schnee der Al - pen, in des



part - ing se - rene and gol - den cloud - land, In the broad fields of star - light beams thy  
 sin - ken - den Ta - ges Golde - wöl - ke, im Ge - fil - do der Ster - ne strahlt dein

like - ness, thy like - ness, A - de - la - i - del In day's  
 Bild - niss, dein Bild - niss, A - de - la - i - del in des

part - ing serene and gol - den cloud - land, In the broad fields of starlight beams thy  
 sin - ken - den Ta - ges Golde - wöl - ke, im Ge - fil - do der Ster - ne strahlt dein

like - ness, thy like - ness, A - de - la - i - del  
 Bild - niss, dein Bild - niss, A - de - la - i - del  
*decresc.* *pp*

Ev - ning airs in the fragrant al - lay  
 A - bend - lüft - chon im zar - ten Lau - ba  
*pp*



whis-per, flü-stern, Sil-ver bells in the May grass gently  
 Sil-ber glöck-chendes Mai's im Gra-se

*pp*

rustle, säuseln, Wa-tersthun-der and night-in-gales are warb-ling,  
 Wel-len rau-schen und Nach-ti-gal-len flö-ten,

*p*

Wa-tersthun-der and night-in-gales are warb-ling:  
 Wel-len rau-schen und Nach-ti-gal-len flö-ten:

*p*

A-de-la-i-del! Ev-ning airs in the fra-grant al-ley  
 A-de-la-i-del! A-bend-lüftchen im zar-ten Lau-be

*p* *pp*

whisper, flüstern, Sil-ver bells in the May grass gently rust-le, Wa-tersthunder and night-in-gales are  
 Sil-ber-glöckchendes Mai's im Gra-se säu-seln, Wel-len rauschen und Nach-ti-gal-len

*p*



warbling, and nightingales are warb - ling: A - de - - la - i - del  
 flö - ten, und Nach - ti - gal - len flö - ten: A - de - - la - i - del

**Allegro molto.**

A - de - - la - i - del! See, O marvell O  
 A - de - - la - i - del! Binst, o Wunder! o

mar - vell up - on my grave a flow - er, O mar - vell up -  
 Wun - der! ent - blüht auf mei - nem Gra - be, o Wun - der! ent -

on my grave a flow - er, New - ly bloom - ing from ash - es of my  
 blüht auf mei - nem Gra - be ei - ne Blu - me der A - sche mei - nes

fond heart, from ash - es of my fond heart;  
 Her - zens, der A - sche mei - nes Her - zens;



Plain there glit-ters, plain there glit-ters on ev-ry pur-ple leaf-let, on ev-ry pur-ple leaf-let:  
deut - lich schimmert, deut - lich schimmert auf je-dem Pur-pur-blättchen, auf je-dem Purpur-blättchen:

*cresc.*

A - de - la - i - del! A - de - la - i - del!  
A - de - la - i - del! A - de - la - i - del!

*p* *cresc.*

del del See, O marvell!  
einst, o Wunder!

See, O marvell a flow - er, up - on - my grave a -  
einst, o Wunder! ent - blüht, ach ent - blüht auf mei - nem

*p*

flow - er, New - ly bloom - ing from ash - es of my fond heart, from  
Gra - be ei - ne Blu - me der A - sche mei - nes Her - zens, der

ash - es of my fond heart; Plain there glit-ters,  
A - sche mei - nes Her - zens; deut - lich schimmert,

*p* *pp*



plain there glit-ters on ev'-ry pur-ple leaf-let, on ev'-ry pur-ple leaf-let:  
 deut-lich schimmert auf je-dem Purpur-blättchen, auf jedem Purpur-blättchen:

*cresc.*

A - de - la - i - del  
 A - de - la - i - del

*cresc.*

Plain-ly glit-ters on ev'-ry pur-ple leaf-let, on ev'-ry pur-ple  
 deut-lich schim-mert auf je-dem Pur-pur-blätt-chen, auf je-dem Pur-ple

*p*

leaf-let:  
 blätt-chen:

A - de - la - i - del  
 A - de - la - i - del

*cresc.*

A - de - la - i - del  
 A - de - la - i - del

*cresc.*

A - de - la - i - del  
 A - de - la - i - del

*calando*

*pp*



## ANDANTE.

Andante grazioso con moto.  $\text{♩} = 80.$ 

L. van BEETHOVEN.

PIANO.

This musical score is for a piano piece by Ludwig van Beethoven, titled "Andante grazioso con moto." The tempo is marked as  $\text{♩} = 80$ . The score is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. The first system includes the tempo marking and the composer's name. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and a 3/4 time signature. The score features a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *p dolce*, *cresc.*, *p*, *cresc.*, *sf*, *decresc.*, *pp*, and *cresc.*. The piece is characterized by its graceful yet lively character, with a focus on melodic development and harmonic richness. The score is presented in a clear, legible format, with the piano part written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).



This image shows a page of a musical score, likely for a piano. The score is written on seven systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The notation is highly detailed, featuring numerous triplets, slurs, and various dynamic markings. The first system begins with a 'cresc.' marking. The second system includes a 'dolce' marking. The third system features a 'cresc.' marking. The fourth system includes a 'cresc.' marking. The fifth system includes a 'decresc.' marking, followed by 'p' and 'pp' markings. The sixth system includes a 'cresc.' marking. The seventh system includes a 'cresc.' marking. The score is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The notation is complex, with many notes, rests, and articulation marks. The page is numbered '1' in the top left corner.



1. 2.

*cresc.* *f*

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of four measures. The first measure has a vocal melody starting on a whole note, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter note, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The second measure has a vocal melody starting on a whole note, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter note, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The third measure has a vocal melody starting on a whole note, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter note, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The fourth measure has a vocal melody starting on a whole note, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter note, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some markings above the notes, possibly indicating fingerings or breath marks.

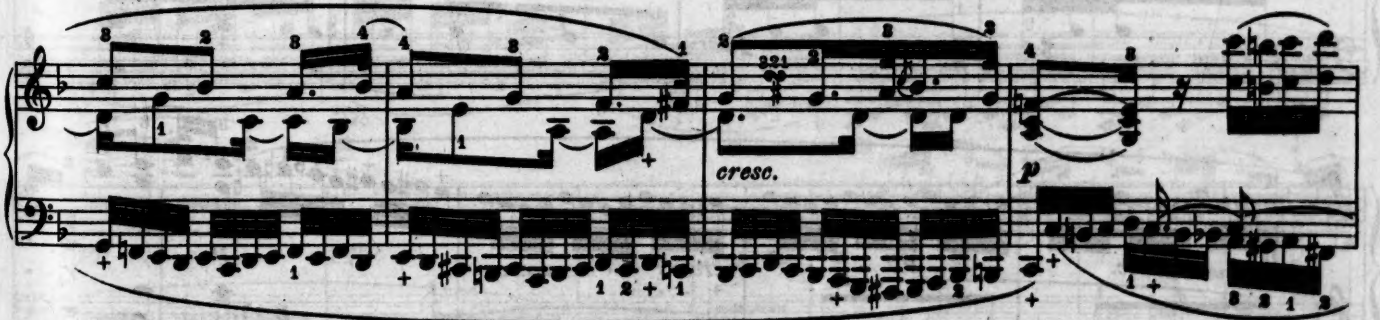
The image shows a page from a musical score for 'The Song of the Larks' by Maurice Strakosky. The score is for piano and voice. The piano part is in 3/4 time, starting with a forte (f) dynamic and a crescendo. The voice part enters with a melody in 3/4 time, marked with a first ending (1.) and a second ending (2.). The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass staves, clefs, key signatures, and dynamic markings.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for piano (p) and includes a crescendo (cresc.) marking. The music is in 3/4 time and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The score is divided into two systems, each with a repeat sign. The first system includes a piano (p) marking and a crescendo (cresc.) marking. The second system includes a piano (p) marking and a crescendo (cresc.) marking. The score is written in a single system with a repeat sign at the end.

2 321 2 1

*cresc.* *p*







This page of musical notation, numbered 12, contains seven systems of piano accompaniment. The notation is written for the right and left hands on grand staves. The music is characterized by dense, complex chords and rapid passages, often with multiple accidentals. Dynamic markings such as *ten.* (tension), *cresc.* (crescendo), *decresc.* (decrescendo), *p* (piano), *sf* (sforzando), and *pp* (pianissimo) are used throughout. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1 through 5. Some measures include performance instructions like *521* and *GO*. The notation is dense and complex, typical of late 19th or early 20th-century piano music.



This page of musical notation, numbered 13, contains seven systems of staves. The notation is primarily for piano, with various dynamics and articulation markings. The systems are as follows:

- System 1:** Treble and bass staves. Treble staff starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Bass staff includes a *cresc.* marking.
- System 2:** Treble and bass staves. Treble staff starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Bass staff includes a *cresc.* marking.
- System 3:** Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes a *decresc.* marking. Bass staff starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic.
- System 4:** Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Bass staff includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4).
- System 5:** Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Bass staff includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) and a *decresc.* marking.
- System 6:** Treble and bass staves. Treble staff starts with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and includes a *ppp* marking. Bass staff includes a *cresc.* marking and a *decresc.* marking.
- System 7:** Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) and a piano (*p*) dynamic. Bass staff includes a piano (*p*) dynamic, a forte (*f*) dynamic, and a *cresc.* marking.

The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs, along with dynamic markings (*p*, *pp*, *ppp*, *f*, *cresc.*, *decresc.*) and articulation markings (fingerings, asterisks).



[illegible]



This page of musical notation, numbered 15 in the top right corner, contains eight systems of music. Each system consists of a piano (piano) staff and a violin (violin) staff. The notation is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano parts feature complex rhythmic patterns, often with triplets and sixteenth notes, and are marked with dynamics such as *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *f* (forte), and *pp* (pianissimo). The violin parts are more melodic, with many notes beamed together in groups, and are marked with dynamics like *sf* (sforzando) and *dolce* (dolce). The page is filled with musical notation, including notes, rests, accidentals, and various musical symbols, with some systems showing more complex rhythmic patterns than others.



# PRAYER. BITTEN.

(Gellert.)

L. van BEETHOVEN.

**PIANO.** *Festivamente.*

O Lord, thy good - ness reach - es far, As far the clouds are gui - ded; By mer - cy  
Gott, dei - ne Gü - te reicht so weit, so weit die Wol - ken - ge - hen; du krönst uns

crown'd, thy crea - tures are With need - ful help pro - vi - ded. Lord!  
mit Barm - her - zig - keit, und eilst, uns bei - zu - sto - hen. Herr!

my de - fence, my tow'r and shield, To me a gra - cious au - dience yield, Ap -  
mei - ne Burg, mein Fels, mein Hort, ver - nimm. mein Flehn, merk' auf mein Wort; denn

prove my sup - pli - ca - tion, ap - prove my sup - pli - ca - tion!  
ich will vor dir be - ten, denn ich will vor dir be - ten!

